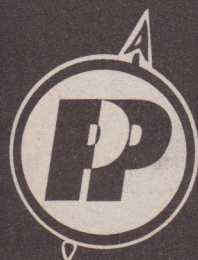




Issue #2 July/August 1994
Two Dollars

Wow! Interviews with Rancid,
Lagwagon, and J Church!
An article on Cool Beans fanzine &
BBS, and an article on the
Religious Right's anti-gay movement!
Short stories, columns, reviews, and
a ton of ads. Wow Maybe I WILL
become a Punk Rocker!





Welcome to this, our second issue of Punk Planet! We hope that you enjoy it very much. Now, though we need to look towards issue 3! The third issue (Sept/Oct) is going to be our Back to School issue. We are open to any and all submissions that have something to do with school (especially nice would be a good juicy article about education) or an article (with pictures) on how to do something (this can be recipes, how to fix a car..... anything!). Also, things that don't have to do with school are more than welcome too (especially interviews -hell, interview a teacher). If you wish to submit something to us, please send it!. We will accept anything (articles, short stories, D.I.Y. info, comics, interviews, scene reports, pictures, anything) that does not, however, mean that all submissions will be printed. Go for quality. A good story will be printed over a bad one, a good interview (one that is interesting and goes beyond the "so what's your favorite tour story") will get priority over a bad one, and so on. We are strictly volunteer run and make no profit what so ever off of this publication (hell, we're losing money). All money made goes back into Punk Planet. We will review any record or zine as long as it is not on a major label (even if the band itself is, but the record is not) and will not be biased as to whether it is punk or not, since we have about as little a clue what that means as you do .

We hope you enjoy this issue, and if not, we encourage you to make your own zine. In fact, we encourage you to make your own zine anyway. -The eds

Too Many Addresses

Distribution information, Mailorder information, Ads being sent in, General Correspondence, LETTERS
SEND US LETTERS and random acts of kindness to:

Punk Planet
P.O. Box 1711
Hoboken, NJ 07030-9998
make any and all checks & money orders to Julia Cole.

Please send all submissions to:
Punk Planet North
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Chicago, IL 60690

Fanzines & Records for review go to, by the way, you can send
UPS here:
Punk Planet South
c/o Will Dandy
Route 2 Box 438
Leeds, AL 35094

starting next issue, we will be dedicating a few pages to Punk Events please send all information pertaining to your event to:
Punk Planet West
c/o Lois Lane
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And finally for all you electronic whizzes (and really, who isn't) letters and submissions can be sent to:
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all ads are due August 10th

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The Solar System

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Will Dandy- Ad God, Distribution whiz, coordinator, sucker

Karen Fisher- Layout Goddess, sucker

Julia Cole- Mail superstar, Money watcher, yep a big sucker too

Kristen Francis- Ad Layout Genius, not much of a sucker

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Phranc 7" 'Bulldagger Swagger'

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Unwound 'New Plastic Ideas'
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Love that white space!!

Slim Moon

Well, Dan asked me to write something for Punk Planet #2 and I thought "why not?" But now that I am sitting here in front of the console, a good mixed tape on the tape deck, good lighting, nice warm 1 A.M. Olympia night, all those professor's comments on my old college papers start coming back to me - "You have good ideas but you need to organize them better," "should have spent more time editing," etc. One professor went so far as to tell me "essay writing is going to be your downfall." Wow, that was a mean thing to say. But its true, I suck as an essayist. Do columns for Punk Zines count as essays? They certainly resemble an essay, but hey, this is punk rock - who needs to play by the rules anyway huh? So if I seem disjointed, just forget about it, its part of my history and my identity, I've learned to live with it. Sometimes I think I'm disgraphic, even though I don't really know what that means, I just have a suspicion that it is an apt description of my organizational shortcomings, and all my embarrassing transposition of nouns when I talk.

So anyway, why me? How cum I'm supposed to write a column and not somebody else? I don't figure its because I'm so bright and instantly likeable. And its probably not because of my band, Witchypoo, or my forays into the dark netherworld of spoken word as a performance art reality. I guess I'm a candidate for writing a column because of this god-damned record label that I happen to run. I feel really nervous about this, I've never done anything like this before.

So its like this, I started this punk rock record label almost exactly three years ago. I had this bright (that is to say FINANCIALLY SUICIDAL) idea that it would be cool to put out seven inch spoken word records cuz I never heard of such a thing and I thought spoken word could be a really cool thing in small doses, so it seemed like a good idea. I gave it a name about killing people

cuz the people it talks about are people who I think are trying to kill me. Rock and Roll, especially Punk Rock, saved my life and I really do feel like a bunch of dumb rich posers are bummed about that, they want me to get suckered into thinking that their patronizing and genocidal approach to music is somehow the thing that should be really saving my life, but I know if I bought into that idea it would just destroy everything that is good about me.

Then I got this kooky idea that my local punk scene was really cool and had some really cool bands in it that weren't getting any records out, so I thought I'd help 'em get some records out and maybe put out some compilations to make a lasting document of some of the cool things that are going on musically in the punk scene in America these days. And I wanted to prove that you could put out records and treat the bands and the people who buy the records with the respect they deserve cuz I was really bummed about some of the things I had heard about how a lot of record labels ran their businesses.

Somehow things got kind of out of control and we started selling a lot more copies of those records by those local bands than I ever imagined would happen. Its not like I'm getting rich, I'm just barely getting by just like everybody else, but anyone with a brain would have more sense than to imagine that you could stick to yr values AND make a living off of Rock and Roll. Lucky lucky me, and totally grateful.

So I thought: "what the hell, lets keep going," and now I geuss I'm stuck with a full time job helping cool bands and artists get their stuff out in a format that can reach people without having to go to their town. I have really mixed feelings about the whole record label phenomenon, trying to do something cool but being unescapably constricted by the realities of capitalism, which cheapens everything.

For instance, I'm really bummed that we sell about ten percent or so of our records to a company called Caroline, which is partially owned by a company called Thorn or EMI or something, which is really evil and makes artifacts of death

like missiles and stuff, but not so bummed that I want to make a unilateral decision to quit selling records to them, largely because telling someone "you can't buy my record" seems like a second-cousin to censorship. When my band plays a show I don't stand at the door and approve each person that buys a ticket. "You work for McDonalds, so you can't come in." On the other hand, I might refuse to play if I knew a confirmed rapist was in the audience until he was removed, so I don't know, its a sticky issue, an issue that I grapple with every day and just haven't come to a final conclusion yet.

I'm also bummed about some other things that I've learned along the way on this wild venture. Like how some people will treat my friends like they are stuck up rock stars at the same time that those same friends are displaying incredible integrity, turning down lucrative offers from major labels, still playing \$5.00 all-ages shows, still working seriously hard on important issues about sex, race, and class politics and priveledge and power dynamics, still hanging out at all the same shows they ever did, still relating to people the same way they ever did. I feel like one of the lessons I learned is that if you do well enough with yr band to live off of it (barely), there will be people that think you're too big and will be annoyed with you, and really mean to you in the process. Even bands who aren't really making any money at all frequently get treated like they are different from their peers or like they think they are different, even when there is absolutely no evidence to support that idea.

But the biggest thing that I have learned that I am bummed out about is some of the things that I've observed about the big business of peddling music and rock personalities to people. I already thought major labels were fucked when I started doing this thing, but now I know so much more that I almost wish I didn't know.

For some dumb reason, I was in Austin this year during a music industry convention/festival called South By Southwest. One day while I was there, hanging out out on the balcony where you could smoke, I met this woman who does all the press advertising for Alternative bands on Sony and Sony-affiliated labels. I thought "what the heck" and I asked her for her advice about good magazines to advertise into, ones

with a large punk-type readership that didn't charge too much for their ads. She started asking me questions about Kill Rock Stars cuz she'd never heard of it. First thing she said was "you need to get a different distributor, hopefully somebody with major label ties." She'd never heard of Mordam. Her loss - Mordam is fantastic, a punk record label owner's dream. The next thing she says to me is "Maybe you should hook up with Relativity. Everybody thinks they're independent, but really we (Sony) own them. It's an ideal situation." The way I heard it, C/Z's deal with Relativity almost put them out of business. You hook up with people like that and you are forced to go into the business of making "hit" records whether you like it or not, or else they treat you like dirt, which can be cataclysmic when you're talking about getting paid, getting paid on time, getting the sales department to take yr releases seriously, etc. I just thought that was precious - "people think they're indie, but we own 'em."

Which brings me to the serious chip I have on my shoulder. One of 'em, anyway.

I read this book recently called "The Prize" by Daniel Yergin and it was all about the history of the exploitation of oil (the petroleum kind) and the politics and behind-the-scenes world-shaking events that have gone on because of the politics and business of the exploitation of oil. There was a big section in there about the history of Standard Oil, which was once a huge oil company, so huge, in fact, that they got sued by the government for having a monopoly on the oil business in the United States. There was this whole long description in there of the process of how Standard got almost total control of the oil business. Their secret was that they knew that whoever controlled the means of distributing the oil controlled the oil. Once upon a time there were thousand of independent oil refineries and oil exploration companies. Standard didn't concentrate on buying them out at first, they just concentrated on making deals with the railroads, building pipe-

lines, creating a huge army of gas stations across the country. They let enterprising and gutsy small-business owners take the incredible risk involved with exploring for new oil, which can be a very huge and hugely expensive gamble. Then when the oil was found, they controlled the means of distributing the oil, and eventually the means of refining the oil, businesses that had very little risk. Anybody who was pumping oil out of the ground and refining it had to deal with Standard Oil or Standard-Oil affiliated companies to get their oil to the consumer, which gave Standard the ability to set the purchase price and the cost to transport the oil at whatever they want. They would concentrate on driving the "indies" out of business region-by-region, raising transportation costs in that region while simultaneously selling oil at Standard-controlled refineries in that region at fire-sale prices. They could afford to lose money in one region for a short time because they were making so much money everywhere else and because the long-term gain would pay off big time in the end. They'd continue money-losing business practices in the selected region until the indie refineries would be going broke cuz they couldn't afford the inflated shipping expenses and couldn't sell their oil as low as Standard was. So then Standard would step in and suddenly be the good guy - "we see the potential in yr business and we want to help you. Join up with our massively powerful conglomerate and get hooked up with our super-duper distribution system and see how much you thrive." Facing potential bankruptcy, the indies felt like they had little choice. In this way Standard Oil came to almost completely control the oil industry in the US at one time. Once they controlled it, they could set prices at whatever they wanted and sit back and laugh all the way to the bank.

I know the same story could be told about a thousand different industries - the guy who runs the plant that presses my records was telling me one time about the corporate record-manufacturing industry trying to do the same thing to independent pressing plants. They temporarily lowered their prices to press records to a point where they would charge to press a record for less than it actually cost to press it, with the idea that if they kept it up for awhile it would

drive the independent pressing plants out of business or force them to merge with the biggies, and then once they controlled the industry, they could set whatever prices they wanted and sit back while the money rolled in and punks couldn't afford to make records anymore. The association of independent pressing plants had to sue them for anti-trust violations or something, and I guess they won, which is relieving news for those of us who like Bikini Kill and Unwound records and whatnot, cuz they might not have even been able to be made if those independent pressing plants had been run out of business.

When I look at what's happening to the business of punk rock and "alternative" music, I can't help but think that it's just another classic example of what is basically nearly a monopoly trying to eliminate and assimilate and undermine the tiny bit of competition that it does have.

Just look at what's going on - the key is to control distribution right? A major label has about half ownership in Caroline and Sony has a controlling interest in Relativity, and Warner Brothers just went out and created their own version of a big indie distributor, ADA. By using their big corporate money, they have created strong fairly efficient distribution systems in direct competition with DIY punk labels and distributors. If you want to sell enough records to make a living off yr music, you are almost for sure forced to deal with one or more of these companies that are backed by big corporate money. So when a label like C/Z or any number of other independent labels run into financial trouble because they can't compete with the big money that is being pumped into the big punk/alternative distributors, then what happens - just like Standard Oil, the big corporations are suddenly the good guy - "we really believe in what you're doing and we really see the potential in yr business, we just think you need more resources to get the music out where people can be exposed to it, just think of the money you could make if you hooked up with us." Just like Standard Oil, they

are content to let enterprising and gutsy small-business owners take the incredible risk involved with finding and putting out records for new bands, which can be a very huge and hugely expensive gamble, while they (the majors) are taking steps every day to control distribution and price, so that when the "money-making ventures" (i.e. popular indie bands) start to establish themselves, the indie bands get frustrated with the realities of what the independent label can do for them in terms of support and distribution, they (the majors) step in with their "We're the good guy" routine, telling the bands how much they are into what they're doing, how much better off they could be if they just signed the dotted line, how the massive major-label distribution system could get their records into stores and towns that the records never got to before, how being on an indie is a dead-end, or a stepping stone to "greatness." There's been a lot of discussion about major label involvement and interest in the world of punk rock and independent music, but I haven't seen much written about how much it is a classic story of how monopolies are created and maintained. Even though there are 6 major labels, just look at the ridiculously inflated prices for records and the insultingly low quality of the "product", and you can see that for all intents and purposes, they are behaving like a monopoly who completely controls the market.

Which brings me to another chip I have on my shoulder, about bands that sign to major labels. I fully understand all those arguments like "we can get the budget to make the record we've always dreamed of making" and "we can never find our records in stores everywhere we go when we go on tour" and "I've been doing this for years, I ought to be able to at least pay my rent from it instead of having to have a day job when I'm not on tour," but I just want to remind every "punk" band that signs to a major label, you are truly "selling out" - selling out your friends to be exact, contributing to a systematic attempt by the big money corporations to drive indie labels out of business or force them to "join up". After the early steps of control of distribution and manufacturing, the next step in the creation of a monopoly is control of "exploration", i.e.

"discovery" of new bands, and control of the whole industry. If every indie band that sells enough records to make a profit for their record label and for themselves jumps ship to the majors, the functioning independent record labels that we have come to take for granted to keep giving us good music year after year will all go under or get sucked up by the monopoly, and we all know what our choices of records to buy would be if EMI and SONY and WEA and BMG had the total monopoly that they'd love to have - we could take our pick of a wide variety of sounds ranging all the way from Mariah Carey to Stone Temple Pilots - wouldn't that be exciting! So hey, think about it - when you sign to a major you're not just going into business with a company that makes missiles or whatever, you are going into business with a company that wants to destroy independent music, that wants to control costs and access to music, that wants to be in a position where they can be an aesthetic "Big Brother", convincing you "if you are a rebellious youth, then you MUST like Band X because we have selected Band X as THE musical option for rebellious youth. War is Peace. Hate is Love. Weakness is Strength. Ignorance is Knowledge. is Knowledge.

Karen Fisher

A long while back, before our Punk Planet was even a glimmer of space dust in anyone's eye, some of us Punk Planetters got into one of our periodic discussion/arguments on the oft-revisited topic: "What is Punk?" As usual, we delved into the various levels and meanings of the term, music vs. lifestyle, alive vs. dead, all or nothing, etc., etc., etc. As we got broader and broader in our definitions, one lad suggested that the born-again crusaders who picketed and bombed abortion clinics could indeed be considered "punk."

Now that set me off. Thinking about it even now starts my blood to boil. The irony of the right-to-life movement killing or harming people in their quest for righteousness just infuriates me. Religious freedom fighters, punk? Sure, I blasted this unenlightened individual, you have a right to believe whatever you choose! And I respect that right all the way. But that right extends to everyone, not just you. Everyone is free to believe in whatever they want, and that includes the freedom to not believe in a god. My religion (or non-religion) does not condemn abortion; I don't happen to believe that a 6-week-old fetus is a viable human being. We don't pass laws in our country (at least not yet) based on what certain religions believe is proper. If we did, we'd outlaw holidays in order to appease Jehovah's Witnesses; ban divorce in favor of Catholics; or require all women to be covered from head to toe to accommodate the Muslim population. If you don't believe it's right, don't have an abortion. But if my belief system dictates otherwise, you've got to respect my right as I respect yours. You can't force everyone else to believe the same thing you do, that's not freedom.

Although I never heard from the "punk" anti-abortionist again, it's all too clear this concept seems too difficult to grasp for some individuals. Witness the following...

Ilazily turned on the TV one Sunday morning to see one of those Church-Man shows... the preacherman's going on and on about the evils of homosexuality. He's imploring his viewers to help him in his holy mission, to let Washington and the media know how sick homosexuals really are and that we don't want them teaching our children, on TV, or in public life. His greatest horror is that schools will teach that homosexuality is a normal, healthy lifestyle!

After a commercial or two, the preacherman begins the next segment of his program: Bible study time! The topic for the day — "Love Thy Neighbor."

Is this ironic or what?! In one breath, condemning his fellow man; in the next, offering peace and love to all. Hmm, sounds like a confused fellow. Perhaps I'm preaching to the converted here with you folks (no pun intended). I know everyone

out there's already PC on the religion thing, right? But what about standing up and making our voices heard against these pseudo-Christians? It's easy enough to laugh at them, to dismiss them as ignorant and feel the superiority of knowing better. But really watch these shows, especially the giant live audiences they draw, and know that for every live body in the crowd, there are 50 more mailing in their cash long-distance. These people are out to change the world, change you and me, impose their beliefs on everyone they can. And they're busy working on it while you and me sit back and snicker.

I'm as guilty of inaction as anyone and just as confused as to where to begin. Perhaps you can offer some suggestions. I was thinking of collecting the names and addresses of these people — for some kind of write-in campaign? (By the way, the name and address of the homo-hating preacherman described above is: James Kennedy, P.O. Box 40, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33302.) Would they really care if they were bombarded with hate-mail or would it just fuel their fire? I have also thought about keeping track of local people who are interviewed in the paper or on the news picketing the abortion or AIDS clinics with their hateful signs, and then looking up their names in the directory, and writing and calling them to tell them how misguided they are. That's what they do to doctors, don't they? Call them up and even picket their homes?

The problem with these types of tactics is that we'd be stooping to "their" level. I truly feel the right thing to do is to live and let live, that everyone is free to believe whatever they want. But where do we draw the line and stand up for our own religious or non-religious beliefs? Shouldn't our views be counted?

Now, I want to make it clear that I respect religion and admire those who have the faith to be true to one. I went to a private elementary school that was run by a Baptist church (very fire and brimstone stuff). This upbringing will stick with me forever, for better or worse. I still look over my shoulder every time I take the Lord's name in vain. I later went

through a period (after my early wild punk days, a long story I might get to someday) where I started going to Mass every week, sometimes twice, and even converted to Catholicism, a long and arduous journey. I was drawn to the faith's tradition and antiquity. (Okay, I admit it, I liked the incense.) Seriously, I was very dedicated, even read the Scripture at Mass. It's another long story about why I don't go anymore. The point is that I'm no stranger to religious life and I am not automatically condemning anyone who believes in God as an ignorant hick.

I believe in God, I just don't know (as I don't think anyone really does) who or what it is. No one can presume to know what the supreme power holds in store. Perhaps there's just another race out there that's watching, testing us (or maybe I've watched too many Star Trek episodes). Even if there's nothing, it makes me feel better to think there's a better life, one to strive for, one full of peace and kindness. And as Un-Christian as the thought may be, I look forward to the day when I see all these righteous hatemongers condemned to hell by the God they proclaim as their own. I wonder if I'll be condemned for sitting by and keeping my mouth shut.

Daniel Sinker

As the content editor of Punk Planet, I get to read everyone's columns before anyone else does. This allows me to get ideas off of other people's columns when I don't have one of my own. This is the case now. I have been sitting down religiously at my computer for a week and a half now in hopes that some sort of column would come flowing out of my hands and onto the screen. It hasn't. More importantly, it won't. Ideas are hard to come by when you are working a brainless job (boy, I hope my boss doesn't read this). It seems to suck the ideas and the energy right out of you, two traits that really don't lend themselves to zine production. Luckily, as I said before, I

get to read everyone else's columns, see what they are saying, and see if I can bring my own ideas to it.

Seeing as it's a week until deadline, and seeing that not a single columnist except for Will has actually submitted anything yet, I am a little short on ideas. Luckily Will's column is a doozy, and in fact, relates to an idea I had blossoming anyway.

Respect it hard to come by in this world. I can really only think of a handful of people that I truly respect (one of them is sleeping in the bed in back of me as I write this). Most people seem like they will prove to be great people, but do something to show me otherwise. Does this mean that I am setting my expectations to high?

Probably

Is that wrong? I don't think so. My expectations are what they are, luckily I have learned to live with them and get along swimmingly with a lot of people that I may not fully 'respect'. Anyway, I'm digressing.

Yesterday I ran into someone I know, not necessarily a friend, not necessarily not one. One of those people you say 'hey' to, or talk to while waiting for the train. I was on the way to the store to pick up some chick peas (Sweet Potato and Chick Pea saute -mmm). He was walking by, so I stopped to shoot the shit. He asked me where I was going, and I explained to him. He told me that I should have gone to Jewel (a chain grocery store). I asked him why, and he explained that a 'scam' was underway there and I could get free food. I chuckled and continued into the cornerstore and paid for my chick peas.

Apparently, Chicago's anarchist contingent decided to pull a 'prank'. They printed up flyers for Jewel's customer appreciation day. The flyers explained that food was free from 12 to 2, a penny from 2 til 5, and a dollar from 5 til closing, or something like that. They flyered all around our neighborhood, under windshield wipers, in newspapers, everywhere. From what he told me, and from what I heard from others that were there, swarms of people showed up to fill

their carts with groceries, and were turned away at the door. Eventually the cops had to be called, and Jewel spokespeople had to go on the TV news to explain that they had nothing to do with the flyers.

I laughed when he told me the story. In retrospect though, I have my misgivings. Judging from the people involved, I can't help but think that there was some sort of statement being made. 'Damn the imperialist dog supermarkets' or something like that. At least, that's what I thought at first, now I'm not too sure.

Who lost out in this 'prank'? Most fingers would point to Jewel. They looked bad, they didn't appreciate their customers, they turned people away and called the cops. This is true, but if someone said that you were holding a house sale and everything was free, you would probably get annoyed when people were walking away with your belongings. More importantly though, Jewel got publicity. They got to go on the news, explain their side of the story, shed a few tears at the whole situation, and then continue on selling food like nothing ever happened. They came off like the victim.

The anarchists certainly didn't lose out. Their day was made! They were able to bring the entire evil food consumption system to a grinding halt. They had their kicks and their laughs. It was something to write home about, or at least to write other anarchists.

So then who lost out? The workers and the people.

The workers at Jewel doing shit jobs for shit pay just so that they can get by. Instead of having to put up with the normal amount of crap that happens at that Jewel, and dealing with the normal amount of frustration that comes from stocking shelves or bagging groceries, they had to deal with a bunch of pissed off customers and rioting anarchists! At \$4.50 an hour, no one should have to put up with rioting anarchists.

The people that were excited that for once they would be able to feed their family well for a few weeks. The people that knew that with the money they would save on free groceries, they could put towards new shoes. The people that have been living in this neighborhood the longest (even longer

than any of the anarchists have) and have the most to lose. They have watched their neighborhood transform from an ethnic community into a haven for artists and the like. Then they had to watch it transform again into a haven for yuppies. They lost. Once again. They had the door slammed in their faces, while they clutched their flyers, bewildered at why they were being refused service. And wondering if it was something they had done wrong.

So who is to blame? Certainly not Jewel, they never made the promise in the first place, so why would they go along with something they didn't create, especially something so obviously counterproductive. Certainly not the people that picked up the flyer and thought it was for real.

Really the only people you can blame are the people who made the flyer. They were the same people who ran around the store filling their baskets with food, punching holes in the meat packages (in the name of vegan revolution I guess; all it mean is that the store orders more meat sooner), and basically trying at all costs to instill a riot. And why did they do this in the first place? As far as I can tell, they did this entire thing for their own entertainment.

Now why do I bring this up? It's because these are people that at one point in my life I really respected. They put out my first band's record and both of my bands played numerous shows for them. I thought they were right on. I can't help but look back on that now and I just wonder why. Was the revolution everyone spoke so fondly of as big a joke as the 'prank' on Jewel. Unfortunately, I can't help but think that it may have been. Last time I checked, in order to start a revolution, at least one that is supported by the masses, you shouldn't alienate the workers and the people. But what do I know.

I know that I'm going to get a lot of shit for writing this column, but it's really the only way I can express the way I feel. I invite anyone that wants to, to reply. Please write to me care of the magazine, or through the internet at TastySpydr@aol.com. Thanks

Darren Cahr

There are no secrets anymore.

Anyone with a computer and some time can find out every detail of your life. "We know more about you than your mother," bragged one direct marketing guru. They know everything you've ever done: If you ever called a phone sex line, you can kiss the Presidency goodbye. Everything and everyone is gathering information about your life while you're reading this. There really is a permanent file, with a report about how you exposed your genitals to Sally Jones in third grade, and it's floating in a mainframe computer, somewhere in America. Of course, it may not mention the fact that Sally Jones exposed her genitals to you first, but life isn't fair.

The tv screen could be looking back at you. And you'd never even know.

Speaking of phone sex (not that we really were), but now that we're in an age of disease and date rape and celibacy, soon it'll be the only form of participatory orgasm available to the public at large. Since we're always trying to keep our hand on the pulse on the heartbeat of America (or at least our hands out of our pockets in public) we decided to call a phone sex line, "Naughty Nora," which will eventually be billed as "Malibu Communications" to our phone bill. After the requisite sexual discourse ("What color is your pubic hair," etc.) we asked the woman what she did in real life, expecting a tragic background we could use as an example of women in chains. True to form, she turned out to be a graduate student in Comparative Literature at Stanford, finally proving that in California, some things are better left unexplained.

Getting back to our privacy theme (not that we really left it — though questions of pubic hair color make this entire discussion somewhat suspect), soon, with Caller I.D., you'll know who's calling you before you pick up the phone. Crank calls will be a thing of the past, but already you can sense

that privacy is becoming a state of mind, a relative thing. That might mean that sex in private could become a relative thing, which sound a lot like incest. Then again, maybe we should shut up.

And telemarketers can use all of this easily accessible, confidential data to target their favorite consumers. With ease, anyone can get information about your bank accounts, home mortgage and credit card payments, home address, social security number—the whole shebang. On one recent PBS show a telemarketer showed how he could get Dan Quayle's credit history in seconds. Of course, what we really want to know is this: Why all those purchases at Victoria's Secret, Dan? The image of Marilyn Quayle in a merry widow or a pointy-coned bustier makes us wince—we can only hope that Dan was the one wearing them.

And in this age of diminishing privacy, it seems like a natural thing to fight back. With that in mind, there's a store in Chicago which carries a full line of spy equipment. You can buy microphones to pick up conversations hundreds of yards away; you can buy special cameras to hide in ceiling panels and lenses to pick up a rock star with a skin condition in Wisconsin. People are less interested in actually living than in watching other people live. Who ever thought that Rear Window would become the operative metaphor for the '90s. Maybe that explains all the phone sex. Then again, maybe not.

But the fact remains: Americans are so concerned with vicarious living at the expense of actually living life that connecting with other people in any real sense is becoming not only undesirable, but well nigh impossible. Just ask anybody trying to get a date in New York City. That's why people are staying home and listening to Morbid Angel.

Of course, I'm not staying home and listening to Morbid Angel — I'm staying home and listening to the new Rodan album (which is so great that I can't think of any words awesome enough to describe it). But that's just me. After all, I don't know where my poodle hair

wig is — I haven't seen it since at least 1978.

What does any of this have to do with Phone Sex? Or privacy? Well, I'm not sure, but the image of orgies of cross-country phone sex being listened to by FBI agents beating off in the back seats of their audio/video minivans does have a certain appeal. Though I'd rather they be listening to the new Rodan album. But some things, guess, can't be changed...

Heidi Marshall

I went to the hardcore/straightedge show in Madison this weekend called "A New Hope." I don't know if the title was exactly appropriate, I found myself pretty disappointed by the whole thing. This column is about my experience there and my thoughts about things. I am not pretending to be an authority. There are many people who have been into it a lot longer and have more credibility. They can write their own column. This is just me telling you what I felt.

The first day I got there was Saturday (I missed Friday which I heard was the best). It seemed like an okay turn out, lots of new faces and stuff to check out. My initial reaction was excitement. I admit I was a little apprehensive because I had a personal problems with a few people there and because I don't always feel comfortable at sXe shows. I did try to put my hesitations aside and keep an open mind.

I walked around and tried to sell my friend's vegan cookbook. I didn't get the response I'd hoped for and thought it was because of the overwhelming amount of merchandise being sold there. I saw lots of Vegan Power tees, but even those people lacked interest. I didn't think it was because of low funds and I began to wonder what it really was. I spoke to a great guy at the Vegan Action booth. I think he felt the same way as I did. He had put lots of effort into putting together leaflets to educate and share things he'd learned that you and I may not know. I think he too was disappointed by the

almost apathetic feel from many people there. After speaking to him and some other people, we began to agree that there was a definite lack of respect for things here. The emphasis seemed to be on how many 7"s and long sleeves you can get. Your product (yourself included) was given much more attention if it was ordained by large X's, otherwise it seemed it (you) lost some relevance there.

It is not my right to define straightedge. What I do know is what it means to me. It had nothing to do with most of what I was seeing. For me, it is about self respect. It is about not wanting to be abused, and not abusing myself. It is about not supporting a fucked up norm and industry. It is all about me in a continuous struggle to live my life the best way possible. It is something I have a lot of passion for and that I thought I'd be surrounded by.

When I first started getting into back into hardcore, it was totally educational for me. I learned from talking (listening), reading, and lyrics. I thrived on it. It created an intensity within me for the scene & what I believed it to be about. When I was around these kids who seemed to lack convictions, I got frustrated. It seemed to be about money, getting the mic, and X's, not beliefs. I could be wrong. I did meet a few great people and I'm sure I missed some too.

This isn't just about sXe or animal rights, it's about hc. It's about learning which = empowerment. The more we know, the stronger we are and the louder our voices can be. It's about being different and making a difference. The lines between "us and them" are too close. We must protect what's ours. We must support bands that don't expect \$600 and take money away from bands who just needed travelling expenses paid (Integrity? enough said). We must support each other, read zines, go to shows, set involved in any way that feels right for you. It has to be more than just slipping on an X or wearing a teeshirt. To quote my new friend, "apathy = death." Death of animals, people, of the scene. We have to fight for whatever we believe in, not just sit back passively and consume. I don't

want this to become another thing I care about that's devoured by the mainstream. It means too much to me. What does it mean to you?

Hi-D Marshal c/o Kim Nolan P.O. Box 477469 Chicago, IL 60647

Will Dandy

The band I play guitar in, Nihilism, recently played a show with the ever popular Unwound here in Alabama. It was a quiet night at a nice little Armory that my friend Matt and I had rented out for the show. This particular armory was pleasantly located in the middle of a couple malls and a beautiful suburbia. Everything was going well, until some things made me pretty pissed off at punk rock and punk rockers. First off, We were on stage happily playing through our set with a pretty good reception. Then someone decided to throw a flaming paper airplane at us. This was actually pretty cool, but if the armory people had seen it they would have shut down the show then and there. So, I had to quickly stomp on it while playing to avoid any serious problems. This in itself was not a major problem though. What was a serious problem was when we continued playing and some drunk guy ran on stage and dived on our amps knocking them over and the tubes out. This also caused a chain reaction which dragged the mixer we were using off the table it had been on. Luckily it was caught mid-air, or we would have had to shut the show down then too. We still recovered and plugged the burning tubes back in and realigned the mixer and we were off again, but not very happily anymore. At this point I was getting pretty fed up with punks, but not until after we played did the real shit hit the fan. While the next band was playing I made a little trip to the bathroom to make sure there was no damage there. HA! No, no damage except for a divider between urinals knocked down and a sink pulled off the wall and resting on its pipes alone. I quickly set the wall back in place even though it was missing some

screws in it, and I got Matt to help me with the sink which proved too big for one person. So, after that little episode the show was rolling again; actually it had never stopped. Able to sit back and relax now I enjoyed the bands playing while manning the position at the door, taking peoples money and giving them stamps. There was clear sailing from here on out. Almost. While the last band was playing someone decided that it would be fun to break a window with their head. This was the creme de la creme. Just what we wanted to pay for, a broken window. Oh well. The cop who we had hired wasn't there to help then just like he wasn't any of the above times either. Just goes to show you, cops suck. Anyway, With a broken window we finally had to shut the show down. The last band had to be cleared off stage halfway through their set so we could get everyone out including the cop so we wouldn't have to pay him for another hour. We needed all the money we could get to pay for the window. As you can imagine I was pretty pissed off the next day (which was the day I took the SAT to add to my fun experiences). I was damn ticked off at punks and what they were doing and the stereotypes they were creating. These people who were just "living the chaos" were causing problems for other punks. That glass could have put the show in the hole and make us lose money, which it fortunately didn't. As a matter of fact the government was actually helpful, for a change, and found a spare piece of glass to replace it with and it was free. Thank God. This meant I could forgive whoever put their head through the glass for doing it, but I couldn't forgive them and the others for the ideas they were creating. "Those damned punks were breaking everything they could get their hands on and were all drunken fools." I could just see the lady from the armory saying that. And I, at the time, probably would have agreed with her. Now I've cleared my head. I think what we need to do is end the violence and destruction at these shows. By doing those things we are only hurting ourselves. When you break a punk band's amp what service does that serve the punk

community? That's right. None, other than to make us all look like fools. And let me tell you, the last thing I want to be associated with is fools, but the first thing I want to be associated with is punk rock. That's why I would like to see this change. How can we expect the world to respect us if we don't respect ourselves? You'll never change the world if people only laugh at you or are scared of you. Respect is what you really need, and if you give it to others then you'll be getting it too.

Anyone who wants to write me is free to over internet at "WillDandy1@AOL.com" or at the Southern Division of this very fanzine

Julia Cole

How's this for synchronicity? After years, I finally get around to writing a short story about a homeless woman I used to pass by in Grand Central Station. BOOM: weeks later I'm working with a bunch of people who, in their spare time (as if they have any!), monitor police treatment of homeless people in New York City's transportation hubs.

I hear them talking on the 'phone and to each other about things they've observed, beatings they didn't quite get on videotape, conversations they've had with police, police-manques, and homeless people. Being an inquisitive person who always has to see things for herself, I finally decide to go out with them one night.

Not a whole lot happens. In the couple of months that the Monitoring has been going on beatings and rough treatment have died down. I spend most of the evening trying not to look the policepersons in the eye. At some only quasi-conscious level, I am afraid that I will turn to stone if I look them in the eye.

Intellectually I understand the need for civilian monitoring: Inhumane treatment has occurred and still nothing has been done to the perpetrators. Emotionally, I find

myself sympathizing with the police (actually a private security force in this case—not New York City police). After all I wouldn't like someone coming in and looking over my shoulder, just waiting for me to screw up. And most of these men and women are probably as humane as the average person in some other profession. They're "just doing their jobs."

As it happens their job descriptions do not include savaging helpless people. They do include, however, escorting these same helpless people out onto the streets on bitterly cold nights. Why? There's plenty of crime going on—larceny, prostitution, obviously it's all more discreet than smelly homeless people taking up seats that could be used by waiting customers with train tickets in their pockets. Obviously the police and their bosses are more concerned about appearances than about reality. It won't do to make the paying customers uncomfortable.

Well, I'm a paying customer and seeing homeless people around does make me uncomfortable. It makes me sad that there are homeless people, and I don't know how to treat them, and sometimes they do smell. So? Their lives are miserable enough, why would I want to make their lives that much worse by sticking them outside to freeze?

I don't get it. Put these people out of sight and you've somehow solved the problem?

Hmmm. What would happen if the police didn't put people out? What would happen if their superiors didn't tacitly condone beatings? Why obviously the place would become a haven for homeless people, a veritable mecca—we'd be knee-deep in vagrants. What then? People would see the magnitude of the problem, they might feel guilty, they might feel that God or someone expected them to do something.

People don't like those kinds of feelings. They don't like being pushed into action. They'd rather make up stories like, "Homeless people want to be on the street," "They're different than you and me," "They're drug addicts and

criminals." Well some of those statements are true about some of the people. But there are plenty of people who don't fit the stereotype. Being homeless doesn't make you worthless.

By the way, did you know you can have a job and be homeless?

One last comment here: I used the word "guilt" a few paragraphs back. I'm not saying you ought to feel guilty about this situation. I'm not saying it's your fault (though since when has that ever been a good excuse for not solving a problem?—ask your mother). If you don't want to solve the problem at least don't allow it to be whitewashed—don't make other people suffer for your convenience.

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**Jim
Connell**

Dan wanted me to write about my hernia operation. He got all excited about it and says that's the kind of stuff people want to read. I, on the other hand, want to do another deep boring metaphysical discourse on ethics and personal values. So, a compromise. You read the boring philosophy, then at the end I'll fill you in on the blood and gore. If I can fit it on a Xerox machine somewhere and then get it scanned, I'll even show you my half-healed scar.

What I want to write about has to do with America Online, or AOL for short. As you may know, Punk Planet got its start on AOL — a bunch of us were discussing the things that we thought were wrong with MaximumRockNRoll somebody suggested why don't we start our own zine, and the rest, as they say, is history. Punk Planet isn't connected with AOL, and we try to keep it free of AOL references, since it is intended for the whole punk community. But I need to refer to AOL to explain my situation. If you don't like it, tough shit. Read something else.

Anyhow, a month or so ago I got presented with a dilemma. I'd been bitching to the guy who runs the Rock area on AOL

about all the things that were wrong with it. In one of my messages I tried to be nice, and suggested that maybe he was spreading himself a bit too thin and that he ought to consider getting someone to help him. Being a little naive, I failed to realize that what I was doing was tantamount to volunteering for the job.

So now we get to the dilemma. He offered me (and a few other people) a "job" that consisted essentially of being a cop. I detest cops and all they stand for. I also detest censorship, even the rather limited kind I would have to enforce on AOL. On the other hand, here was a chance to work within the system and try to make it better.

It was a tough decision, but after talking it over with a few people (thanks Julia) and thinking about it, I decided to give it a try. A few weeks later I got issued my gun and badge, which consisted of a bunch of on-screen buttons to let me do things like deleting other peoples' messages. The only "pay" for the job consists of a bunch of free hours on AOL (which I use up doing the job) so basically I am working, for a large profit-making corporation no less, for free.

Here's how it's worked out so far. I have had absolutely no influence over any of the things I see as wrong. I have not been able to help get a separate punk area started, although I have been offered some say in upcoming improvements. I have established no contacts within AOL other than the guy I've been talking to all along, though now he reads my mail a bit more closely. I have been successful in one of my minor goals, making it easier for users of the Rock area to get help.

On the other hand, I've gotten involved in some rather spectacular disputes, including one which, I've been told, has made it all the way to the pinnacles of American culture, including Geraldo and USA Today. I've also gotten a fair amount of hate mail, most of which contains at least one of the words "Nazi", "pig", "Gestapo", or Fascist". I was a bit stunned at first, but now I'm finding it more and more amusing.

Hopefully by the time you read

this I will have done something else, which is to ride my motorcycle down to AOL headquarters in Virginia and camp out in the lobby until I get to see someone who can answer my questions.

So that's the story so far. I have bored you with it because it illustrates the nature of compromise, something which I feel is at the heart of punk impotence. If you're an idealist you might call it "selling out" or "becoming a corporate puppet." On the other hand, a pragmatist could call it (as I did) "working within the system."

It's anarchy vs. subversion; destruction vs. change; revolution vs. evolution. It's whether you think "fuck shit up" refers to everything, or just to what's bad. Many punks think compromise is the antithesis of punk itself. (Most of them eventually grow up and get jobs.)

But once you get past the rhetoric, it becomes clear that compromise is an inevitable consequence of living among other people. We can't all get what we want every time, so we try to work things out so everyone is reasonably satisfied. The whole point of social and legal conventions is to provide a framework within which this can happen. (Of course it's all gotten hopelessly corrupt, but that's another column...)

My high school chemistry teacher, Mr. Starr, used to tell us over and over to "have the courage of your convictions." A couple of decades later I'm beginning to really understand what he meant. I pretty much know what I stand for, the boundaries I'm not willing to cross in the compromises of day-to-day life. It rarely takes courage to resist crossing them, but the few cases where it does are the important ones.

Back to my role as a member of the AOL Gestapo Squad. I can feel the allure of having power over others. It feels good, and that's very scary. Similarly, I like the ego trip of it, having a title and special privileges. Also scary. But I'm pretty clear in my head about what I will and will not do, and I see no problem in getting through this with my convictions and values intact.

I also hope to have a positive effect on a communications medium which I feel has as much potential as the printing press to change our world. If I can do a little to help make it a more useful forum for punks to

communicate and organize, then my compromise will be worth it. If AOL sucks me in to do their bidding with the lure of power, prestige, and maybe even money someday, then I lose. I think I'll win, but then so does everybody.

By now a pattern should be appearing out of all this nonsense. What I'm talking about is what happens to bands when they sign with a major label. Going in with all the right intentions, making a few acceptable compromises here and there, and somehow somewhere crossing the line and losing themselves and everything they value.

It's also what's probably going to happen to you. Why are there so few old punks? Because by the time you figure all this stuff out, you'll be selling insurance all week and playing golf with your boss every weekend, with your nose up his butt the whole time.

No way? Think about it.

Now for the gorefest. I don't know if it was going to four (corporate sellout) Rollins shows in one week, the last one being a nine-hour pit session at the HFStival, the week before my cough44th birthday. Or maybe it was the day I spent hammer-drilling three-inch holes in a bus garage. But somehow this quiet little blister-like bump between my navel and breast-bone got really painful and funny-colored. The doctor said it had to go, so in I went and out it came.

I expected to be out cold for this, but it was not to be. I got some sort of not-terribly-fun downer dribbled into my arm, and novocaine or some such thing on my stomach. It HURT and even though I tried to make that clear, it seemed that nobody was paying any attention. I could feel all sorts of yanking and pulling and pushing, kind of like wolves tearing up a dead deer or something. There was a big green sheet hung up so I couldn't watch. I had to use my imagination.

An hour or so later I was on my way home. Next thing you know they'll have a drive-through and you won't even have to get out of your car. When I went back to get the stitches out I found out they weren't stitches at all, but these really cool-looking round stainless-steel

staples. If I'd've been able to think fast enough, I'd've asked the doctor to leave them in as piercings. Kind of like a permanent zipper. Oh well.

So which did you like better, the pseudo-philosophical bullshit or the medical drama? Address all responses to TastySpydr@aol.com. Thanks.

JimConnell@aol.com

Dave Hake

I have no money whatsoever. My net assets are tied up somewhere in Snapcase and Total Chaos units along with several hundred other titles we've accumulated at "the store" thus far. I collect pennies, eat a strictly pasta diet, and am budgeting a new pair of shoes sometime in the future. It's ironic. Extreme Noise, the Twin Cities' new token DIY record store, has already made my yearly income in two months. "He who has nothing will be everything," says yesteryear communist propaganda, but I'm seeing a new trend on the horizon for the underground: capitalism.

This is where I'm supposed to humbly ramble on about the vicissitudes and ultimate joys in doing it myself, or alternatively talk about all the hard work I've done. I won't. Life is all about hard work. It's just a matter of who you do it for. There is absolutely nothing wrong with success. There is absolutely nothing wrong with ambition. It's a matter of what your ambitions are oriented towards and what will define ultimate success. For myself, success isn't measured primarily in dollar amounts, it's measured in influence. Punk, to me, is intentionally trying to fuck people up. If you disturb someone a little it might force them to reevaluate the world around them. And if you successfully get them to do that, maybe they will think of something new. I have no hopes for what conclusions people might come to. I just want them to think. That would be success.

MRR can say all it wants about the establishment gnashing its teeth at the wake

of our little underground sensation. I think this is relevant only in so far as it demonstrates that there is an increasing amount of capital invested in "DIY" as concept and product. Major labels just want a piece of the action on this growing market. You take Ebullition Records as an example. Despite all the topical references to revolution, socialism, anarchism, the evils of consumption, and the humble disclaimers that "this is just a product", DIY has always been about a back to basics take on the kind of capitalism that started the American Revolution. Economic Liberty 101. If a DIY band like Screeching Weasel is able to make even a meager minimum wage off what they do, it demonstrates an increasing strength and ability for "our" efforts to stand on their own two feet in a larger marketplace.

Here in the Twin Cities it is of great importance for some people to work collectively. I'm all for it. But what is the real collective? Is a record store a collective, or is a network of independent record stores a larger collective? Obviously, the answer is that they both are. In a world where business does not aggregate and monopolies are non-existent, free enterprise could be regarded as a kind of collective.

But that's not the kind of world we live in.

It has been interesting working on the store for the past two months and observing how much money people are willing to put into an institution if they perceive it to be "punk" and "independent". That applies to the people who panhandle change to buy records, and the people like me who panhandle change to buy records for other people to buy. It shows what potential there is for a lot of capital to accumulate in an underground circuit and promote more growth. A significant difference between a large underground economic community and the kind of economic communities which exist in other spheres is that conceivably a "punk" market would make seed money available for other businesses to start, not in the hopes of creating a new source of revenue, but for the sake of

spreading influence, and with it, presumably punk rock.

Kind of a stretch, isn't it? I don't know. I want there to be good record stores in the rest of middle America. I want the whole body of "disenfranchised youth" to be buying products that they can relate to and are made by people who might, in the best of circumstances, have some vested interest in their lives. I don't think consumption is evil. People making things for other people is what it's all about. I don't think the point is to de-emphasize the product, but to re-emphasize it. It's the cash transaction which gets all the credit, and it was initially only meant to be a easy way to keep track of things.

I thought the first issue of Punk Planet was way too pre-occupied with MRR. MRR, if nothing else, is good for showing how influential a good product can be, and how other people can do the same thing. That is happening now. Its good. In truth, when Tim Yohannon became a caricature of a mad dictator in most people's eyes, I was glad. There's no reason that there should be one Sears & Roebuck catalog for punk rock. There should be a lot of them.

David Hake / P.O. Box 4061 / St. Paul, MN 55104 / dhake@macalstr.edu

Larry Livermore

I'll always remember the first teenage dance I went to. Not for any of the reasons that I'd like to remember it for, like meeting a beautiful girl and falling in love, or getting kissed for the first time, or just having a great time dancing and coming home all excited because I realized I had a whole lifetime of dances and parties and friends and falling in love to look forward to.

Yeah, that would have been nice, but none of that stuff happened. What I do remember was this kind of sticky, hot electricity that was in the air, in my clothing, in the looks that people gave each other. It was

June, one of the first really sweltering nights of the too-short Michigan summer, and though I didn't really understand it just yet, a lot of those edgy feelings whipping around the crowd and off into the blurry darkness could be summed up in a three letter word known as sex.

And I remember one song that the DJ kept playing again and again, maybe every half hour, and each time it came on, the crowd would cheer like they'd been waiting all year just to hear it, and they'd all form into circles and go into this dance routine that was meant to be danced only in that song. It was the Number 1 tune of the day; it was called "The Bristol Stomp." The beat was straight out of the jungle, and all these years later it still gets my heart pounding.

But none of that stuff is what I really remember my first teenage dance for. What I do remember it for, will always remember it for, is that later that night, while my friends and I were walking home oblivious to the cares of the world, another kid who'd been at the dance was shot to death at a popular teenage hangout on the main drag in town.

I didn't hear about it right away. News traveled more slowly back then, and most people we knew didn't sit glued to their television sets waiting for something to happen. But it was a big deal in all the papers the next morning. "Tragic waste of young life." "Gang warfare turns deadly." "Youth violence out of control?" All the usual crap headlines and sensationalist stories by overpaid hacks who didn't have a clue what they were talking about. Any kid on the street, including me, could have told them why the guy was shot, but they never asked. They were too busy worrying whether their nice little neighborhood was turning into West Side Story. Anyway, the guy -they kept calling him a kid, but hell, he was 19; I had him figured for an old guy- had been shot for two very simple reasons, both of them avoidable. One, he was in the wrong part of town. Even that he could have pulled off, though, if he hadn't been so stupid as

to have his hair combed the wrong way.

That was what blew it for him, the hair. Probably nobody would have paid him any attention as he sat there eating his hamburgers except you just didn't see people with greaser hairstyles on that side of town. (For those of you who don't know your history of hair, that's where you comb your hair back and up, sometimes with a little "waterfall," as it was called, cascading down onto your forehead, and then you plaster it with stuff like Brylcreem to make it stay in place. Sort of like the Fonz, only cool, not dorky.)

Even still, he didn't have to die; It's only that this guy, the way a lot of greasers were, always had to be a smartass. Like when the V-boys walked up and said, "What are you doing around here, greaseball?" he could have played dumb, could have pretended he was from out of town and didn't know how the game worked, could have said, "Hey, I don't want any trouble, I'll just leave."

But no, he just answered straight out where he was from, told them he'd eat his hamburgers anywhere he damn well pleased, and finished it off with a "V-boys suck my dick." That's when the shotgun came out and almost immediately afterward, whatever brains he might have had exited rather quickly from the rear of his head.

Like I said, the whole thing made quite an impression on me. Of course part of the reason was that I was only 13 at the time, and a little easier to impress. But it was also because I felt, for the first time in my life, like I was part of something bigger than me. I guess it's a lot like when kids get drafted into the army and sent off to war. They may not want to go, they may not give a fuck who's killing who or for what reason, but once the bombs and bullets start whizzing past their heads, they get this idea like, "Whoa, something is *really* happening to me. I might even go down in history!"

I wasn't old enough yet to be a full-scale footsoldier in this particular gang war, but it was close enough to home for me to feel part of it. Both the guy who'd gotten shot and the guy who'd shot him had been coming home from the same dance I was at. I was a greaser, just like he was. And I

thought he was *so* cool, prepared to die like that for his hairstyle.

Wait a minute, die for a hairstyle? Did I just say that? Sure I did and I meant it too. At the time, how one combed his or her hair was a vital matter, sometimes even a life and death one. In that summer and the one that followed, at least half a dozen kids died for their hairstyle. My own gang beat some poor kid half to death on account of his.

So why am I telling you this now? Was I maybe worried that you didn't have enough reasons for thinking I was dumb? Or am I preparing to launch my long-threatened campaign against people with stupid looking haircuts and hoping I can frighten most of you into cleaning up your heads before I have to waste too many walking ratnests?

Well no, actually I'm trying, as I do all too often in these columns, to Make A Point. Specifically, I'm trying to make a point about people who get all caught up in the supposed importance of some thing or idea until that thing or idea gets distorted enough in their heads that they're ready to kill or die for it. Haircuts? Flags? Crosses? Hammers and sickles? Whatever; there never seems to have been any shortage of ridiculous things for humans to fight to the death over.

And now there's a new one, apparently. This whole discussion about who's punk and who's a poser, about who's really indie and DIY and who's a corporate sellout, has been going on for so long that I guess I assumed it had become just one more thing for people to talk and argue about at gigs, parties, bars, or wherever the leading social lights the punk and pseudo-punk set gather.

I honestly never dreamed it would degenerate into violence, especially not serious violence of the kind that befell Jello Biafra at Gillman Street back in May. A group of - well, I don't know what else to call them but punk gangbangers - attacked Biafra and beat him up very badly, putting him in the hospital with a broken leg that will require major surgery if he is ever to walk normally again. And his crime? No, it

wasn't his haircut (I had been meaning to speak to him about that), but the fact that some people think he is a "rock star" and a "sellout."

I'd prefer not to even get into a discussion of what constitutes a "sellout," first because I don't think there's any one answer we could ever agree on, and second because even if there were a set definition of "sellout," I can't imagine that it would merit getting your leg broken. But, what if just for purposes of discussion, we could agree that a sellout is someone who does something he or she doesn't believe in simply in order to make money?

Well, first of all, Biafra wouldn't be a sellout, because whether or not *you* like the records he puts out, *he* does. Most of the records his label puts out don't make a lot of money, because Biafra has, to put it mildly, unusual tastes. He could make tons more money than he does by selling his old Dead Kennedys records to a major label and not putting out any more of the avant-garde and experimental stuff he puts out now. Doesn't exactly sound like a sellout to me; more like the opposite of one.

Second, even if you're still convinced Biafra is a sellout (God, I can't believe I'm having this stupid argument, even if it is only with myself), well, by your standards just about anyone who doesn't work for free and give away everything he owns is a sellout. So why aren't you and your friends in the thought police out there beating up all the other sellouts? There must be hundreds of them on your block alone.

Of course we all know the answer to that one. Biafra didn't get attacked because his crimes, real or imagined, were bigger or more serious than anyone else's. His getting beaten up was symbolic, just as the kid who got shot in my home town didn't really die because of his hairstyle, but because of a whole money and power and status-based class system that might look and sound reasonable on paper, but when it starts affecting real lives and real people, is nothing but a cruel load of bullshit.

It's not easy for me to believe in things. I'm a cynical bastard to start out with, on top of which I've led a long life that has consisted largely of a constant series of

disillusionments. So on the rare occasions when I do give my allegiance to a cause, I tend to take it pretty seriously.

That was the case with punk. Sure, I could joke about it, make sarcastic comments about it, but for a lot of years, I could look you in the eye and tell you that punk rock music and the values embodied in the punk rock scene were as important as anything I'd ever known.

The maddening thing is, I'd bet those guys who beat up Jello Biafra would say pretty much the same thing if you asked them. Yeah, I've heard them called a lot of names, and I've called them a few myself, because I like Biafra a lot, have liked him for many years, and it makes me sick to my gut to think of him being so grievously hurt for essentially no reason at all.

But unless those guys who beat him up are just complete lunatics, I imagine they genuinely thought they were helping out the punk scene by doing what they did. And that's where I run into problems. Or rather, that's where I get off. If those guys are part of the punk scene, I'm not. If being truly "punk" means violently attacking those whose opinions differ ever so slightly from our own, then I'll stick to being a poser, thank you. It's not a question any longer of whether punk is dead; what we need to think about now is how fast we can put a stake through its heart.

Jim Testa

I never used to cry. Lately, though, it seems I'm wiping tears out of my eyes all the time.

I didn't cry when I heard about Kurt Cobain's suicide, although the news hit me like a punch in the stomach. I did get a little choked up when I heard the tape of Courtney reading Kurt's suicide note to that rally in Seattle; the footage

on MTV's Week In Rock was heartbreaking, to be sure, and there was so much pain there - Courtney's, Kurt's, and the fans' who had come to mourn him.

Still, the world is full of so much pain that we inure ourselves to it. One more celebrity death, even one who meant as much to me as Kurt Cobain, didn't hit that hard, not after the shock of losing River Phoenix, or what seems like the weekly occurrence of hearing about another person I knew or had met in the entertainment world who had died of AIDS.

It wasn't until I logged on to America Online and started browsing the message boards to see what people had written about Cobain that it hit home. There were messages from people who were angry and others who dismissed Cobain's death as the petulant tantrum of a spoiled rock star. Others wrote about how much they hurt. But then I found a letter from a girl who was thinking not about her own grief, but about how her friend would be taking the news: "One of my friends loved Nirvana," she wrote. "I can't see her now but I can imagine her thinking, They were great, why did it have to happen?, a tear trickling down out of her eye, and her mumbling, 'I'll always remember you.' And in my head I am saying, 'I didn't know you, but I'll remember you too.'" That's when I cried a little.

Tears are good, though. They're a catharsis, a way to let powerful emotions evaporate instead of keeping them bottled up inside. We've become a cold, unfeeling generation. The glut of emo bands notwithstanding, it's not considered "punk" to cry or even care deeply about anything. Maybe it's that slacker thing again; emotions are too much trouble. It's much cooler to be stoic and unfeeling. Kurt Cobain died? Killed himself? Hah! Make a joke about it. Laugh at the goofballs carrying flowers to his front door. That's the punk thing to do. A tough facade has always been a part of adolescence too. Hide your real feelings, don't let the grownups see how you really feel.

My grandfather died last October and I didn't cry. I was the oldest son, and I went through the funeral hiding my grief, doing my best to hide my own feelings so I

could take care of everyone around me. I doted on my grandmother. I held my father when he broke down and sobbed at the hospital, after the doctors had declared my grandfather officially dead. I made phone calls to relatives. I was efficient and helpful. And I was lying to everyone around me.

It caught up with me though. I had been feeling depressed for a while. It gradually got worse and worse. I stopped going out to shows. My friends all thought I had died or moved away. Work piled up next to my computer, deadlines came and went and I didn't care. Finally, a few weeks before Christmas, it got so bad that I couldn't sleep or eat or even go to work. The depression turned to anxiety and the anxiety turned me into a total nervous wreck. I finally wound up on medication for a couple of weeks. And somewhere, in the middle of that nightmare, I sat down one day and cried for my grandfather.

So I know about depression, and when I hear people put down Kurt Cobain for being "selfish" or "spoiled," I want to scream. The man was sick, and he died as a consequence of his illness - not because he was a junkie, or a fucked up rock star. And although it hurts to say this, he died because the people around him tried to be tough and cool and turned away.

And maybe where I'm going with all this is that there are people all around you who are in pain too, whether they want to admit it or not. And what they need isn't a joke or a shrug, they need you to care. To borrow a line from an old John Prine song, they need someone to say "hello in there." I've written too many obituaries as it is, I don't want to have to write any more.

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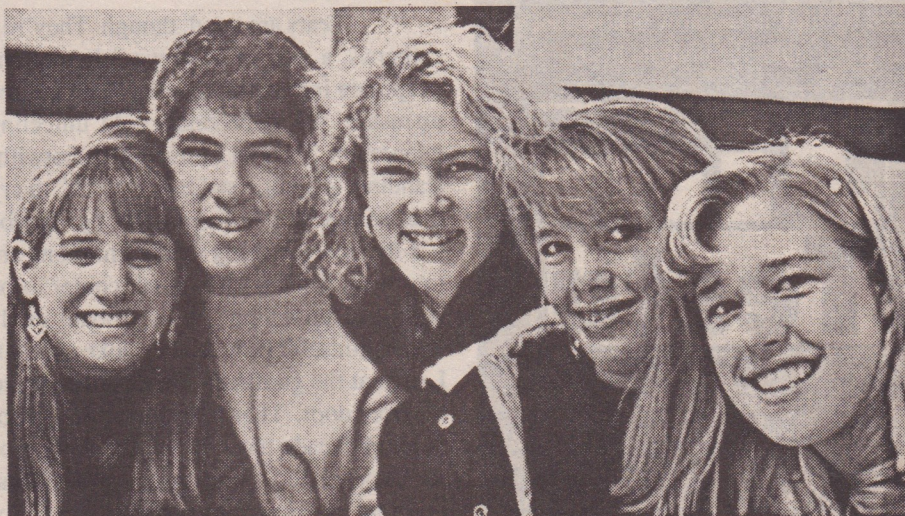
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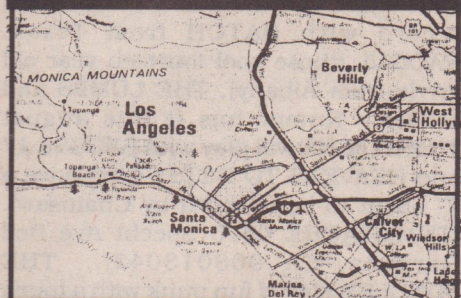
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LOS ANGELES



california

Greetings from the land o' earthquakes, wild fires, riots, and drive by shootings. First of all, okay, I don't have kool blurry black and white live pictures because I was too lame to borrow my friend's camera and learn how to use it. So here are a couple of posed shots. I read a column recently that said the L.A. scene is about to explode again and the proof is Green Jello, Tool, and Beck. Scary, huh? I think what's kool here now is there are more female musicians than ever.

SNAP'HER is a female punk trio. They opened for the dreaded Mentors at Dream Street in San Diego and played a Rhino Records free party in L.A. in april. Andrea of the rose colored mohawk plays bass and does most of the singing. She used to play with the Creamers. She reminds me of the early Avengers, my fantasy of what punk was when it first hit from England. Guitarist Jennifer has androgynous kool, a cigarette stuck in her guitar, she jumps in to mosh with the crowd, playing barre chords, long dark hair flying. Drummer Suzi, who also plays with awesome UXA, and used to play for The Rejected Motherfuckers, is angry sincerity with sticks. My favorite songs are the succinct set opener "Respect" with the repeated chorus: "fuck you" and their ode to their cars: "Rustbucket (you fuckin' piece of shit)." Triple X will release SNAP'HER's first 7" by the time you read this. (213)9607604 I MONSTER played the Bukowski Memorial/Rock for Choice benefit at Al's Bar. Brian is a stand up drummer with a tribal beat.

Lawrence plays industrial strength guitar peppered with samples of dialogue, laughter and screams from horror movies. Shelly attacks her bass the way only former drummers can. Singer Amil looks like a biker in a controlled fit of horrified ecstasy. They're like some kind of reincarnated mongols. They cover Black Sabbath's "Sweat Leaf" making it hard to recognize, faster, chopped up, harder. They sing about the command to annihilate humanity, chant "creeping up on you" and "parts o' people," and other way kool stuff. They will appear on the next Homeboy compilation cd. 1-800-310-3566

Also at the Bukowski memorial, GIRL JESUS, an all female band that could add a new dimension to grrrl music. Comparisons to Superheroines are inevitable, but GIRL JESUS uses middle eastern scales, creating a unique hypnotic, dervish, thrash punk. Bassist Grit Grimripper is a funk punk machine with mind blowing chops. When guitarist Gina Rush was little she lived next door to Jimi Hendrix and heard him beat women. Gina accents slashing crunch and precision with mood like an exotic persian breeze. Solid and poised, drummer Shell Davina slips, slides and drives; she traveled with the Clash when she was a kid. And Gayle Walker is the kind of lead singer that makes it seem like the stage is tilting and there's white light blowing your hair back as she throws karate kicks, crouches in angst, jokes at herself, reminds the audience its okay to be angry, sings about the agony of ani-

mal experimentation, the way we ignore the inner voice that warns us, the way people try to force us to be what they think we are, children lost to neglect and abuse, "Happy Death", and the anthemic Walking Wasteland." They have a five song cassette, "Afraid of Our Own." (818)-982-3585

Donna Dresch is one of the original zine goddesses with her pioneering zine Chainsaw, now she has a label called Chainsaw with releases by EXCUSE 17 and FAKES. Donna played with Dangermouse, Screaming Trees, Dinosaur Jr, Fifth Column, Mary Lou Lord, and Lois. Her new band, TEAM DRESCH, with singer/guitarist Kaia of Adickdid and Jody of Hazel, has just released a killer KRS 7". TEAM DRESCH cruised down the coast in the family van to play San Francisco, San Jose, etc, then Los Angeles, at Jabberjaw, and at the Palms, where the audience had no idea what they were seeing except a few of us who felt lucky and wished everybody who should have known could have known. The music is beautiful, moody, fast, sad, hard, dynamic, atmospheric. They do a Snakepit cover. They switch instruments. Jody plays drums, bass, guitar, and sings. Marcy from Calamity Jane drums. Donna, a Duncan yo yo champion, is a major inspiration to grrrls all over. She plays better than ever with TEAM DRESCH, she transforms on stage, this band loves playing together.

Another kool scene: a big loft downtown on the first street bridge. Looks like a scummy warehouse from

SNAP'HER (L-R)-Jennifer, Suzi, Andrea.
Andrea's also featured on our cover, duh!
Photo:





GIRL JESUS (l-r)- Gayle, Gina, Shell & Grit Photo:

the outside. Inside it's hard wood floors, high ceilings with skylights. Three kegs. One bathroom. Two long lines of college punks. LAVA DIVA's singer Dawn strums celtic grunge swirls of guitar texture, whispering and wailing over the churning rhythm section. Comparisons to early Throwing Muses, but LAVA DIVA is unique, with a tribal rhythm driven by a tire rim for a snare drum and steel saws for cymbals. 1000 MONA LISAS opened the party with a brutal, garage band set of basic, solid punk. Popular POTHOLE closed the show with a searing set of metal punk. Speaking of kool scenes, Revolution Rising is a collective that kind of splintered off from the local Riot Grrrl community. Tye left to form Revolution Rising. This collective puts out a cluster of kool 50 cent xerox zines including Revolution Rising, The Meat Hook, Housewife Turned Assassin, Function, Slave Goddess, and Winged Victory: Venus in the Trenches. They put on their first benefit/fundraiser at Macondo the cool east Hollywood all ages club where BIKINI KILL played their first time around (GIRL JESUS supplied the emergency P.A.).

Surviving two flat tires on the way to the gig, SPITBOY blew the roof off Macondo on the last saturday night of May. SPITBOY lost original bassist Paula to carpal tunnel syndrome. New bassist Nikki was awesome. Vocalist Adrienne swayed and whipped her braids. While her musicians stood silent, Adrienne played guitar and sang "All Grown Up", a simple heart rending song about child abuse. The crowd was silent when she told us not to heckle because this was

very hard for her. Someone over where the Revolution Rising grrrls were applauded. Even the most dedicated moshers clapped. Karin sang and played bad ass riffs, and the new drummer (replacing Todd), I think her name is Dominique, sang and played with such fire I think Adrienne was joking when she said it was her first time playing live. They have two 7 inchers out, one on Lookout, the other on Allied. Their album "True Self Revealed" on Ebullition Records (box 680 Goleta, CA 93116) includes a zine with the lyrics in english and espanol. Spitboy: box 40185, Berkeley, Ca., 94704-4185. (the bands opening for Spitboy were THIMBLE (with a 7" available), CROWN FOR ATHENA, the instrumental/experimental ANGEL HAIR and psychedelic hard core punkers SHROOM UNION whose singer made a fashion statement by wearing a white riot grrrl barrett on his shaved head.)

Back at the fundraiser, Revolution Rising asked five bucks at the door plus something you think you would want if you were homeless. A tagger at the door gave each of us a personalized tag with a marksalot. That's how my band got named GLOZE. Revolution Rising lined up five kool bands. The solid, ska influenced punk of CASPAR SPOOK opened the show. Noise duo SEESAW explored outer limits of feedback, kind of like Nation of Ulysses. Richard and Joey switch between guitar and drums. Richard has a label called Sour Power that has put out a compilation and a split 7" with Gabby, Tanya, and Ajay's CANOPY.

Highschool duo TUMMYACHE played fast music for the grrrl revolution, like a thrasher That Dog. Valentina sings. Raquel plays guitar and sings. They have two cassettes available. Raquel also has a zine called Soda Jerk and the next issue will include a compilation record with BATCH from Texas, RAOOUL (those kool fourteen year old grrrls from Albany), THE LUMPS and others. Rumor has it this august TUMMYACHE will play with EXCUSE 17 and HEAVENS TO BETSY (who have a 7" about to be released by Chainsaw). (TUMMYACHE 6510 Specht Ave Bell Gardens, CA 908013042). THE FONDLED played fun punk with a touch of pop, but with strange, kool reggae detours. STILL LIFE combined the "spare, hard rocking in a non rock way of Fugazi with the wall to wall sonic textures of Smashing Pumpkins," as Tye put it. They have a double lp and a 7" split with EVERGREEN on Ebullition. THE FONDLED will tour the U.S. this summer. Revolution Rising offered brownies, cookies, stickers, zines, tshirts, AIDS awareness flyers, Bikini Kill and tons of KRS and other hard to find tapes, vinyl, and cds. Revolution Rising will be putting on more benefits with different bands and artists, including female rapper SPECIAL T, who won second place in the Lynwood Black Student's Union Talent Show sponsored by Priority, RCA, etc. Compton's powerful rap group BLACK HOLE took first. Tye recently helped Art DeLeon organize the Eight Hour Collage show at Art's Building Jr. site of the infamous Psychosexual Art Show of 1993. Aes Nihil showed his political collages of oppressed peoples. Jill Emery of TEAR DRAIN showed a kool collage of a black crow. TEAR DRAIN is a moody, alternative trio. Haunting, I guess would be the word. Singer/guitarist Richard Simpson (of punk band Invisible Chains) blends Roxy Music guitar textures with raw yet, dare I say it, elegant vocals. Jill plays with MAZZY STAR and used to play with SUPERHEROINES and HOLE. Drummer Mark played with Bitchcraft and with Rebecca from Frightwig. The Eight Hour Collage Show also included my whimsical "White Goddess" (an all white tampon ad splattered with drops of glowing red paint) and about a dozen other collages, including "Our Diverse Cultures" featuring stereotypical toys for

girls. My singer/guitarist Ronnie showed his defaced, black light sixties posters. We didn't sell anything but had fun and it was a trip watching so many people really study your work. And how some laugh. Or get mad. Or don't get it. Or don't even see it. Revolution Rising will also be involved in Art Trash, a show of work made from recycled stuff, and they are working on a cable tv show called ATV. (213)469-5717

Rebel Girl Radio in Claremont runs a sort of Riot Grrrl Hotline. (909)6218157. Punk bands with female members call Larissa and send a demo.

QUIVER has a 7" out on Know Records (box 4830, long beach, ca 90804). This was a kool band. Brazilian guitarist Patricia Klein added moody crunch and Sonic Youthlike textures to straight forward, "100% clit," punk rock. Singer/bassist Amy Knorr suffered the death of a parent and the band broke up. Peace. Drummer Danielle Elliot is working with a couple bands. Guitarist Tracy Taylor is off to Nashville for a solo career. Riff Mercy books Raji's where everybody from L7 to Beck played. He had an indie hit with the song "Heroin" on college radio with his band THE LOVE THUGS. Riff's new band, RED SAND HAND was a very hot grunge/punk hybrid, but white gangsta poet Sam left his position as lead singer to pursue a career as an actor so RED SAND HAND is looking (5/94). Tony Reidell, bassist of THE SONIC LORDS, died after laying down his last tracks for the Sonic Lords cd. Tony played with World War III and Stilletto. He hung around with Nikki Sixx and Axl Rose when he was a kid, but evolved into a kilted, tattooed, sober, glam punk who was den mother to Girl Jesus. Tony had very kool frog tats around his wrist. He was cremated with his boots and his bass. Valhalla. More bands you should know about. MOUTH: fast, goofy, grungy, thrash punk. CLOVER: really fast thrash punk. Bassist Mike Stone plays through a guitar set up and really rips it up. Female raw punk band BORAX is looking for a new bass player (5/94). These three bands should play together: all female WOODPUSSY; two girl, two guy NICE KITTY and KITTENS FOR CHRISTIAN. KITTENS have been playing around the country with female fronted gothic punks NAKED AGGRESSION. TOO MUCH GIRL plays minimalistic punk

pop. In one song they point at each female in the audience and say: "not you, not you, not you, but you" and end with the punchline "one of four women is raped." The next is a sincere, sad song about trying to cheer up your grandma when she wants to die. Then a fast witty bitch about not being able to decide what to wear. They have a 7". THE VERDICTS are a new Ramones influenced quartet who do a punk cover of "La Bamba." GOOEY DUCK is funk punk with melodic seventies touches and a singer who spins around on his head. PIN laughingly call themselves Industrial Pop but they have a Nirvana Ministry flavor; Trace, formerly of FKA, plays some monstrous, guitar riffage. They are looking for a singer (6-94)

THE CIRCLE JERKS played their first show in years at Souled Out in Hollywood on a cold tuesday night, resurrecting the golden age of L.A punk. "You gotta keep em separated." Celebrating their third album, Orange County's surf rat punkers OFFSPRING mixed the fast, the pop, the funk, and the grunge. L.A. Times compared them to Circle Jerks and Cheap Trick and said "the Whisky was scorching hot." The slam pit was in effect. Guitar stylist Bernard Yin is currently on tour with American Records noise pop alternative band MEDICINE. He entertains America Online computer network members with a travel journal describing the fun and frightening wasteland that is Amerika, complete with ridiculous meetings, strange audiences, transcendent moments of zen, and a never ending quest for rare surf records. When Bernard returns he will play with his other hot alternative band SPINDLE, and with his own band, the dreaded surf Hawaiian concoction known as SAMBA HELL. Rumor had it, a HOLE 7" release party featuring GLUE was going on at the Midtown Bowlerama and Roller Rink. Turned out to be a GLUE 7" release party. Surreality reigned as homocore GLUE layed down the groove with the haunting mood. A drag queen in a pink gown and blond wig flopped and crashed until he

was skating clean and fast. Slow, careful and solemn skated White Zombie bassist Sean Ysault, never falling. Collisions were numerous. Gayle of GIRL JESUS skated past backwards. Patricia of QUIVER skated for the first time and got good. Richard of TEAR DRAIN is too dignified to skate. I fell alot. Mystery guest: he's a punk cartoonist, wields a mean meat hook, and sang for BONEYARD (or was it BONE CULT, Gina thinks it was Boneyard). He haunted those hallowed death rock clubs of yore: Scream, Fetish, and the Veil. The story is passed down: how he organized the queer and punk coalition of several hundred who disrupted the opening of the Ronald Reagan library in Simi Valley. Barbara Bush's helicopter was refused permission to land because Bab's perimeter couldn't be secured. Police snipers nestled in giant white crosses. Dave will be showing his art at shows in Simi and in L.A. this summer. Okay, now I want to report on some of the other local punk rock scenes. Blah blah blah straight edge blah blah blah pop punk blah blah blah racist blah blah blah hard core blah blah blah emocore blah blah cyberpunk blah blah blah. No disrespect intended. I don't know a fucking thing about those scenes. Peace,

Tamra

(Sekmet380@aol)

(thanx to Ronnie for cowriting, Catherine Murty for Girl Jesus photo, and Tye, Sisi, Dawn and Gina for vital info)

TEAR DRAIN
Richard,
Mark,
Jill
Photo: Fooey



CHICAGO



illinois

Three of my favorite bands are from Chicago - SCREECHING WEASEL, THE VINDICTIVES, and LOS CRUDOS. All three are rather well known but here's a little info anyway. I won't bother with SCREECHING WEASEL though, there are far too many lies and rumors circulating in order for me to remember what is fact and what is bullshit. THE VINDICTIVES have recently finished recording some material, soon to be released on Lookout Records. LOS CRUDOS just released a split 7" with Manumission which is a benefit for the Western Shosone Defense Project as well as another 7" of their own. The MUSHUGANAS is a great new(er) band from DeKalb that is playing out like crazy while trying to get their label, SAWED OFF RECORDS, off the ground and putting out a zine, SAWED OFF SHOTGUN. The have a split 7" out with CHEMICAL BLUE, a band from Chicago that has just broken up. Both bands are refreshing to listen to. The BOLLWEEVILS are another pop-punk group that is gaining quite a following. They've recently released a split 7" with 88 FINGERS LOUIE (all covers of older Chicago bands) and a self-titled 7" of their own. They plan to release a CD on Dr. Strange soon. OBLIVION is one of my favorite live bands. They have taken an extensive break since beginning to record for a new CD. WINEPRESS, the kings of Homewood, have a 7" out and

are playing out like maniacs. 8 BARK broke up. The GEEZERS, another Underdog band, have just released a new 7". ONE NATION UNDER (big editor Dan's band) has 2 7"s in limbo, and is on the verge of self destruction. They have been told that their records will come out eventually, but they don't believe it. Arrgh!! There are too many bands!!! Here are a few others, NO EMPATHY, LUNKHEAD, GAINSAY, SIDE-KICK KATO..... forget it. If you want a list, a better idea would be to buy Book Your Own Fuckin' Life, put out for the second consecutive year by a Chicago collective. The 1994 edition was put out by ROCCO, a label, distro, and publisher.

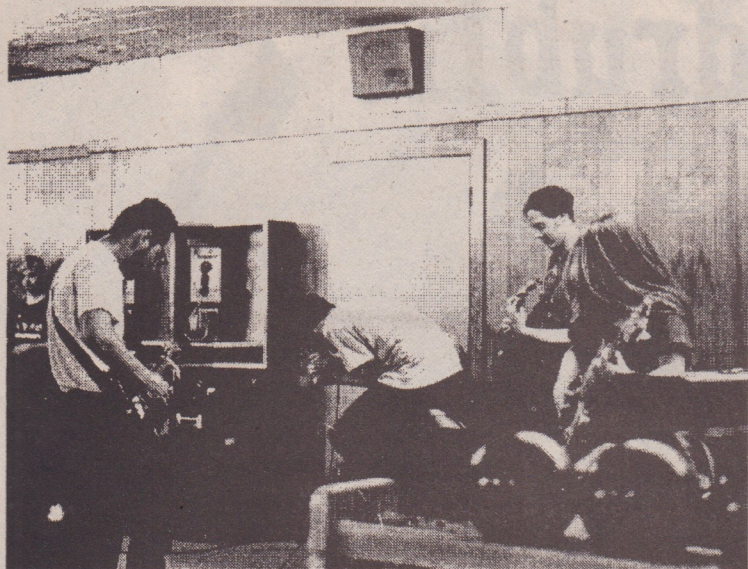
There are far too many zines to mention, but here are a few worthy of parting you with your dinero. JONNY ON THE SPOT contains mostly comics and is put out more or less annually. Issue #9 is due out this summer. PANIC BUT-TON is another favorite of mine that comes out irregularly and won't have a new issue out for a while. STAIRING PROBLEM is still around and at least one more issue (#4/5/6/7) will be coming out (sometime in June or July). POSITRON is a gay/sXe oriented zine that I know little about but has the most amazing layout I've ever seen. The next issue will probably be released on video format. DUMPSTERLAND #6 is almost out and an upcoming project with JOHANNES FACE RECORDS is also in the works. Also in progress is the 1995 calendar being done by me and Dave Dumpsterland that will include a monster zine comp (It will be available in

LOS CRUDOS
Photo: Kim Bae.



September or October for the tentative price of \$1 by hand or \$2 ppd). I have never seen OUT OF FOCUS video fanzine but uh... yeah. PERSIST is one of the few sXe zines I can tolerate, with lots of photos and tear-style layouts. KUM-QUAT is a hilarious cut and paste zine from bumblefuck. FERN is not exactly from the Chicagoland area but it is a great fanzine anyway. It deals with a lot of personal issues, many of them having to do with what it's like to be a woman in the punk scene. Joey Vindictive will soon be putting out a zine on newsprint. And last but certainly not least, the first issue of my zine, VOLATILE, should be out sometime in July.

There seems to be a lot of places to have shows now. The hickish town of Homewood boasts OFF THE ALLEY (a dang smokey place) that used to have shows fairly regularly. I haven't heard anything about it for some time now though. THE CRAWLSPACE seems to be the current hotspot for shows, they have them 3 or 4 times a week. It has a nice cozy basement sort of feel to it. The Elmhurst YMCA -don't play there because they make you sign a contract and are anal about swearing. SHANLEY PAVILLION is the only place consistently putting on good hardcore shows, and hey, it's semi-close to my house! FIRE-SIDE BOWL is a rad place to put on shows - rent is cheap, a lot of people show up, and you can bowl if a sucky band comes on. THE METRO -hahahah!! There is a place in Elgin (VFW? YMCA?) that has local bands every once in a while. The WRIGLEYSIDE has shows



ONE NATION UNDER.
Photo: Kim Bae

anywhere from 1 to 4 times a month (on Sundays when there aren't Cubs games). Unfortunately, the last show there is sometime in early July (3rd?) because Marc is quitting his job there. As far as I know, COLLECTIVE CHAOS has stopped putting on shows altogether and the last I heard, their space, the Autonomous Zone, is being shut down. The DYSLEXIC guys haven't done one for a while at SCRAP (aka Poplar Creek Sports Complex) though there was the recent Hardcore for hunger all-day extravaganza there (that other people put on). I have no idea what HOMOCORE is doing these days.

Everyone who needs vinyl, CDs, videos, and/or fanzines go to THE DUMMYROOM, Jenny Gee's new(ish) store next door to Isabel's. They really need the support. Another great place for zines is QUIMBY'S QUEER STORE which has an awe-inspiring selection of various types of literature. RECKLESS and BLACKOUT are also good record stores, but I prefer to go to THE DUMMYROOM.

Eee gad. That was by no means comprehensive. I am certainly not the person most knowledgeable about the Chicago area scene but hey, I tried. Here are the addresses for everything I mentioned and some related stuff that I didn't.

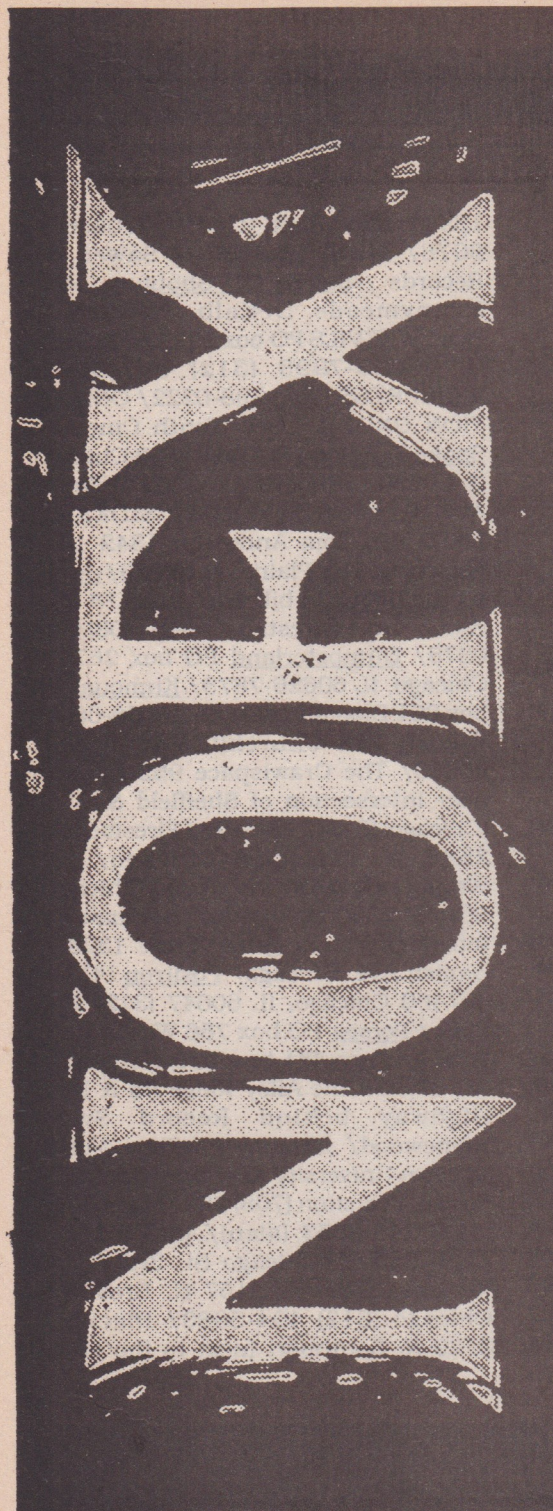
-Kim Bae

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J CHURCH

J Church is a wonderful band from San Francisco. They played a fantastic show here in Chicago and were nice enough to talk after the show. We talked about a lot of things, from Morrissey to Politics. They were the nicest of people, and also put on one

of the best shows I've seen in a long time! The interview was with Lance, the guitarist & singer and Gardner, the bassist. Their usual drummer was not on tour with them and the one that was chose not to participate. Interview by Dan Sinker and Joe Moya

PP: Well first of all, I guess I may as well start out with the basic 'what's the history of J Church?'

Gardner: I don't remember when we started, it was two years ago maybe?

Lance: No it was almost three years ago. October will be three years.

G: Cringer was breaking up and Lance asked me if I wanted to start another band and I said yeah and actually a bunch of other people asked me if I wanted to start another band too, but then Lance calls me up and goes 'remember that guy Aaron? He just moved here, he wants to play drums. You want to meet him?' I said OK. He said, 'OK how 'bout next week' and so we went down and we played a bunch of songs that were supposed to be Cringer songs and started J Church. And we lost that drummer, and got another drummer. And then we went to Europe and lost all our money. Then last fall we did a US tour through the South, now we're doing this US tour through the North and the South. And we put out tons and tons of records.

L: more than you can count.

PP: What is the deal with that, it seems like whenever I go to the Dummyroom [the local punkstore], there's always a new J Church 7"?

L: It's not nearly as bad as people say, I mean we don't put them out that often. We're not as bad as like Billy Childish or something like that.

G: The reason it looks so bad is that the stuff on the CD's

we want to have on Vinyl as well. So a lot of it's the same songs.

L: A lot of it also too is that when we went to Europe, we wanted to have something out over there, so we released a couple of singles and an

LP/CD so a lot of it is the same stuff being release on both sides. The reason we released something in England is that we want it to be cheap over there, and when we release something over here, we want it to be cheap over hear. We don't want to have anything exclusively either way. The import prices are so insane especially if you go through Cargo or something like that. So we try to keep everything balanced. But you know, if you work at Blacklist, you see like 8 J Church singles, 4 CDs and 2 LPs, actually 3 LPs now. You see all this stuff, but you know realistically, we've only put out 2 LPs over the last couple years and some singles here and there.

PP: So where did 'Girlfriend In a Coma' come from?

L: Well, both me and Gardner love The Smiths.

G: And we were going on tour and we were trying to figure out a good cover to do, and that song's so easy.

L: And

it's a good song. It sounds like one of our songs now. It's the same chords as 'Foreign Films', which is on our new album.

G: The thing is, we were playing it on our whole



tour, and we ended up with a day off. We were in Arizona and we said 'Oh, lets just go to LA a day early' cause a friend of mine has a recording studio in his house. And we said 'lets just go there and record it and put out a seven inch'! Just find some other label that wants to put it out. It's so fun putting out records cause you get them and you go home and go Wow! L: I love singles, I love bands that have loads of singles.

When I was really getting into punk I was really into collecting all of The Clash's singles, or getting all of Generation X's singles. I just love having all these singles. So in the same way, it's neat for me to see one of our singles coming out all the time. I like singles better than any format really. They look cool, I think. I was brought up on them.

PP: Yeah, and when you go to the store, you can justify buying 2 or 3 singles instead of one album.

L: Yeah, at three bucks, it's hard to go wrong. And another reason is that, a lot of people would say that our band falls into this category, but I know a lot of bands where you know, there just not good enough to do a whole LP. There are a lot of band that will put out incredible singles. It's pretty easy to do 6 minutes of great music. Whereas you might not necessarily be able to do a whole 30 or 45 minutes worth of good stuff. It's easier to put out a great single. That's why I have a lot more memorable singles than actual LPs.

PP: So are you doing anything else on Word Of Mouth Records?

L: That was pretty much a one time thing. Those three songs will come out on a CD compilation of all his stuff.

G: The thing was, we recorded it at my friends house and that night we had a show and the guy from Word of Mouth was there, we talked to him and he said 'yeah, I'll put it out', and that was it.

L: It's called Humble now, their record label name changes, it's called Humble.

PP: Now who did the packaging on that single? It's completely different than all your other releases.

G: That's kinda a bad story. As much as I love Bobby, the

cover's kind of botched. Originally, my pal Missy did a record cover for it. Kittums was her cat, so there was a picture of her cat with a psychedelic background and all this stuff. And the guy took the artwork and basically just dumped it and had this guy in Texas who does all this poster art do the cover. He did the whole design practically, and didn't use any of our information whatsoever, including our liner notes!

PP: So you basically found all that out once it was printed up?

L: Well, he had called me and I called him and said 'look, you really can't do that. Please at least Fax me, or send me a copy of the cover before it happens because someone else did this for us. He never got back to me and all of a sudden we got a box of records.

G: I mean, Bobby's still a great guy though.

L: It's just disappointing that he didn't do the right thing.

PP: Yeah, that's the most bizarre single out of all of them, simply because the cover is so drastically different from all the others.

L: Yeah, there's sort of a style for the singles.

PP: Now, am I wrong in thinking that either of you have anything to do with Allied Records?

L: Just that we know John.

G: He does it all by himself.

L: That's really weird, because just the other night somebody came up to me and asked me if I ran Allied. Me and my pal Missy do record label called Honey Bear, that's it.

PP: You guys do a lot of limited edition stuff right?

L: We do a lot of stuff... that's coming out really soon. We have just too much stuff coming out, it's totally insane.

PP: What are you doing lyrically? It seems like you have songs like Bomb, which is totally political, and then others that are totally personal. Are you making a conscious choice to do both?

L: The thing about Bomb is that that is actually more of a personal song than a lot of the other ones. It's mostly about how I used to work in the financial district of San Francisco and I used to have to ride the underground to work everyday



and would have to deal with all these assholes in their suits and ties and all that kind of bullshit. And I used to have these fantasies about leaving a time bomb in the garbage can at six a.m. so it would blow all these people up. I hated them, they were always incredibly rude to me. That's more that what it was about. All of our songs are pretty much personal it's just that since I have a certain political outlook or whatever, that obviously is going to infiltrate everything I do. I would think that most of them are just stories that either I've heard or I've been interested in or I've been a part of, and it's just my perspective on those stories. That's really where a lot of it comes from.

PP: That's one thing that I think is really interesting about your lyrics is that they are like stories. Are you a writer normally?

L: When I was in High School, I was really into writing. I wanted to go into journalism when I went to college. I got a grant for video journalism and all this stuff. But I just don't have the patience to write. You can write like 8 lines in a song and that's a lot easier. Plus, I can say just as much as I would be able to in 20 pages or something.

G: That's the thing, it usually is a lot more interesting. I think a lot of people that write short stories aren't that good at it. I mean it's the same thing with bands and with everything! It's great that people are trying to do it but that doesn't mean that it's going to be that good.

L: The songwriters that are my favorite as far as lyrical content, that has a lot to do with their style.

PP: So I guess is that where Morrissey comes in then?

L: No, more stuff like Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe, and Jonathan Richmond. To a certain degree, the Velvet Underground. You know, stuff like that.

PP: So you guys have a hard time getting a pretty decent show going out west?

G: Well in the Bay Area, yeah. But that's how it is for everybody. The Bay Area just has small shows. There are so many bands, and they had their boom for a while and it just kind of bottomed out.

L: And most bands play once a week. Sometimes we play twice a week. Inevitably, you're just a local band then. Once in a while, you'll open for somebody cool, but we headline a lot of local shows now and the crowds vary pretty drastically. But that's fine, then we go on tour and it's great!

G: Seriously though, for most bands, that's the way it is.

Everyone thinks that these bands have huge shows, but that's just not the way it is.

L: And apparently, it's always been that way.

G: Except for the Gilman thing, that for a while was a big thing. But even now, most Gilman shows are pretty small.

L: Once a month you'll get a show like Jawbreaker or Neurosis, but otherwise, shows are like a hundred people max. That's a good Gilman show.

PP: Well, that's a great Chicago show so...

L: But considering that Jawbreaker can play there and draw 600 people, or Fugazi can play and draw 5000.

G: Or you know, Back in the day when the Op Ivys and the Crimpshtrines were playing, they used to pack out all the time.

PP: Have you seen that change since Cringer days?

G: Cringer never had big shows.

L: Until we decided we were breaking up.

G: Cringer never was popular and they still aren't. I don't know why people will say something about Cringer, Ben Weasel just did, like we are really popular now or something, it's just not true. I mean, a lot of people may have heard of us, but if you look at record sales, none of our records have sold a lot really. I mean, they sold fine for what they were. We're not that big!

L: J Church sells way more records than Cringer ever did.

G: But if people want to talk about it like we were, that's fine with me! It's flattering to see, but it's just not true. I don't know why they think that. Except that our name got around a lot. For a while there, our name would be in Maximum every issue at least once. And not in an ad.

L: That's got a lot more to do with it than anything. Our name was everywhere.

PP: That seems like exactly the opposite from J Church, your name is nowhere, but there are seven inches everywhere! But with

Cringer, you could never find anything, but always heard about you.



L: A lot of it is that Cringer never got a CD, and J Church has four CDs now. So you can find our CDs all over the place. Most stores don't even bother with vinyl and if they do, it's something that they definitely know is going to sell. So a lot of stores won't carry a bunch of singles.

PP: So now what's the deal with Winnie the Pooh?

G: Well see there was this guy and

he wrote these stories and they were for his son.....

PP: No, you included Winnie the Pooh graphics on both Cringer stuff and J Church stuff

G: It probably came mostly from the Tao of Pooh and from reading that book and stuff.

L: Yeah, it's a great book.

G: Actually, I was just reading the Te of Piglet.

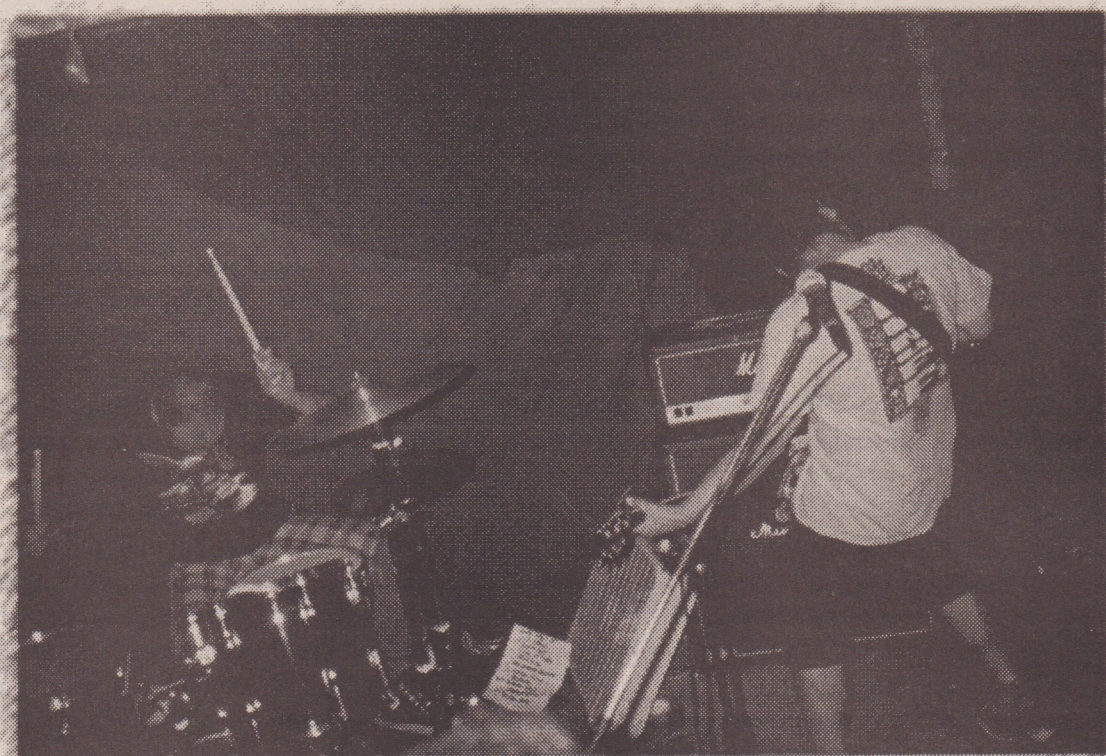
L: Oh really? I haven't read that yet.

G: It's not that good. He says some stuff in there... It's like he's going along and then he says some stuff about feminists and stuff and I was like, 'wait a minute, I don't agree with this at all!' It's kind of weird, he almost sounded like Jeff Bale for a minute. He just started going into that 'Oh these PC type people' and I'm so sick of hearing that stuff. It's like oh yeah, the PC people are really getting out of control. I mean you might meet one or two that are kinda over the top but I mean it's nothing. I think that whole thing is blown way out of proportion. The right has gladly jumped on it to make it seem like it's out of proportion. It's not at all I don't think. I think we could use a lot more of it!

PP: And not to mention that members of the left have jumped on it because of the fact that the right so successfully blew it out of proportion.

G: Exactly, people are getting so defensive about it now. That's bullshit.

L: It's so predictable too though. The left in this country is so



unbelievably disorganized and chaotic, it's no surprise. I don't want to jump on that same bandwagon by saying that, but realistically...

G: All of a sudden everyone is so eager to censor ourselves like 'Oh are we being too much' and all this and it's like, when you look at all the problems that we still should be facing it's like that's such a minor one. If some people get out of control with it, I mean who cares. Just ignore them.

L: It's always been like that anyway. There always been a lot of people involved with stuff and there've always been a couple of guys selling Revolutionary Worker newspapers for the RCP, and you just sort of ignore them you know?

G: They go around screaming at people, and no one listens to them and no one cares. But it's so out of proportion I can't believe it.

PP: Thanks a lot! Where can people contact you for information and the like?

L: Oh, just through our P.O. box. Send a stamp please! We get enough mail right now that I can't afford to write back everybody. If you send a stamp, I can guarantee you'll get a letter back.

PP: Great, thanks so much.

J Church P.O. Box 460346 San Francisco, CA 94146

LAGWAGON

In mid-May my friend Matt and I got a chance to see Lagwagon play here and they were definitely the best band I've ever seen live. I interviewed them before the show when we saw their van pulled off the side of the road by a liqueur store. They were really nice guys and a whole lotta fun. If they ever play your town make sure you make it out to their show because they will knock your socks off with their incredible melodic hardcore! And if you're wondering a figured out how to spell Throckmorton by looking in a BIG atlas. Interview by Will Dandy and Matt Berland

PP (Matt): So, wanna give us some background of the band or something?

PP (Will) (taking control): Well, first off...who are you?

Shawn: Who are me? Well, I'm Shawn I play guitar, that's Jesse he plays bass, together as a whole if everyone else was here we're Lagwagon.

PP: Can you guys really play those *hot licks* on the guitar as fast as on the record?

Shawn: No, there's one guest solo on there on "Stokin' the Neighbors."

PP: Ah...I just figured you played it real slowly then you made a tape and you turned up the speed on the tape.

Shawn: No, that was an actual solo done by a friend of ours and he actually does rip that hard. Other than that we are from Throckmorton, Texas.

Everyone: (Laughter)

PP: Could you spell that please?

Shawn: Yeah, T-H-O-R-T-O-N...

Jesse: R-O

Shawn: Oh.....R-O....I'm sorry

PP: You don't even know how to spell it...

Shawn: No, it's a joke. We're from Santa Barbara, California. Throckmorton Texas is just a very small town. And here we are...in Clay, right? And we're sitting at a liqueur store, drinking beer here because the sheriffs notified us that we could not drink

anywhere near the community center.

PP: Best tour stories or anything?

Shawn: Sure we have a good tour story this time. We went to a bar in Austin Texas...we were supposed to play at a place there called "Emo's" and we went there two days ahead of time (we had a day off). And we went to this bar and we were just stoked to be in Texas and it was a long drive there so we just started drinking and getting really loud. The bartender didn't like us very much and eventually by the end of the evening he kicked us out of the bar and we told him, "yeh, so we're playing here on Thursday and we'll see you on Thursday," and he said, "Fat chance." So we went and played Houston, played Dallas and went back to Austin and when we got there they had crossed our names off the flyers and were actually canceling us from playing.

Everyone: (Mixture of laughs and sighs of pity)

Shawn: All because of this bartender who was really a complete asshole. There was nothing that we did that was really that out of hand and for a bartender, you know, bartenders are supposed to have to deal with shit like that. So, basically we just sat around and sat around and argued and argued. And eventually we got to play. The bartender who had kicked us out went on vacation, so he wasn't there for his side of this argument. He had claimed that we stole the tip jar, that

we were pukin' in his club, and stuff which was all just a pack of lies ya know.

Chris: And that we were in his face all night.

Shawn: So, basically they let us play and by the time we played and were done they were like, "You guys were great, ya know, you're really nice guys, I don't know what Dave's problem was (Dave was the bartender). So, that's our good tour story so far on this tour.

PP: And who are you (to Chris who was then unknown).

Chris: I'm Chris, I'm a guitar player.

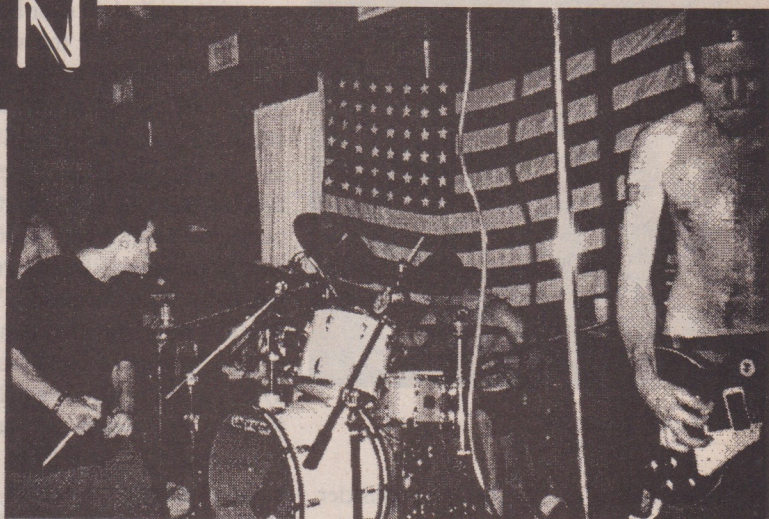
PP: Ah, another *hot lick* player.

Shawn: Yeah, he's the mechanic, he fixes the van when it breaks. This tour it's only broken once though, pretty minor. Right here's our new starter [I was sitting on it...-Will]. The starters been getting really hot lately and yesterday he climbed underneath it and put a cold towel on it and talked dirty to it and she started right up.

PP: So there's that song about selling out ["know it all" of their new album *Trashed-Will*] and then at the bottom it says it's just a suggestion, what's the deal with that?

Shawn: That's just constructive criticism towards people who are involved in the whole scene and they like certain bands at certain times. Then just because these bands get bigger...it's just the whole sold out thing...just because a band like starts to make a little more money, but hasn't changed their

Lagwagon in Bham: Joey, vocalist; Derrick, drums; Shawn, guitar. Photo: Will Dandy





JOEY. Photo: Will Dandy

style of music at all and people like consider them sold out because they start to make more money and they actually afford to live and afford to eat food and stuff like that.

PP: Are you talking about major labels or GREEN DAY making a lot of money on Lookout.

Shawn: Sure, mainly just because a band like GREEN DAY, obviously they didn't change one bit with this album in comparison to *Kerplunk*, but people still consider them sold out because they moved on to bigger and better things. You gotta think of it as a career. People are working at getting where they are for eight years it's just like working at a job for eight years and your boss going, "Here, how 'bout a ten dollar raise?" and going, "No, I can't do that because my friends will think I sold out."

Everyone: (Laughter)

Shawn: You gotta take what you got. This is our job, this is our career.

PP: So are any major labels looking for you guys? Are you aiming for that?

Shawn: Not that I know of. We are happy with what we've got. We're happy with what we're doing so far.

PP: What do you think of FAT WRECK CHORDS in all?

Shawn: We're totally happy with it. They're doing a lot better year by year, not that they've been around for that many years, but Mike's just a really nice guy and easy to work with. You kinda work with him on a friendship basis instead of such a business level, so it's really nice to work with FAT WRECK CHORDS.

PP: Any bad horror stories?...Not particularly on this tour, through your life anything really bad ever happen to you?

Shawn: Yeah, like the whole reason this band got together is because we were all neglected children and we all met in a counseling group, we're all about the same age except Jesse. We were all just pretty much beaten by our parents. We met Jesse because he was going to city college and he was kinda doing like an intern...is that what you call it?...an internship?

Jesse: Pretty much...yeah. It was like a certain amount of volunteer time that I had to do for my psychology class.

Shawn: At the time we were out of a bass player and he was kind of our like student counselor type of guy. Learning to be a counselor. He said, "Hey I play bass." and we said, "Really why don't you come out and try out."

Jesse: Plus the fact that they were wanting to tour, but it was impossible because there was so much stress with the band with the whole counseling thing. So, I'd be like the bass player/counselor.

PP: What's your best show...worst show?

Shawn: Worst show was Albuquerque, New Mexico. Probably about 12 people there.

Jesse: The whole floor was covered in dust so everytime one of us would jump we'd just get a mouthful of dust.

Shawn: Best show was probably Tampa Bay, Florida. Just two nights ago. It was just a great show. There were no fans [as in to cool yourself with. Not fans of the band-Will] or anything in this record store basically but it had a big stage and everything. It had to have been at least 115 degrees we were all to the point of passing out. I got light headed and my hands were going numb.

PP: Got a new album coming out any time soon?

Shawn: Hopefully before the first of this next January. New LP and maybe a 7" in between then. We just did a split 7" with JUGHEAD'S REVENGE. Maybe at least we'd like some kinda five song EP if we cant get an album out by then.

PP: Any comments, last words?

PP: Denouncements?

Jesse: Long Live Throckmorton!

Shawn: Yes, long live Throckmorton, Texas.

Because when this band does make millions of dollars we are all moving to Throckmorton, Texas.

PP: Well, what's the deal with Throckmorton?

Shawn: It's just a cool sounding place.

Jesse: Brian's friend had some really good experiences in Throckmorton at one time.

PP: Like what?

Shawn: He had his arm up a cow's ass, up to his shoulder, feeling for it's baby. Throckmorton is land of the arm in the cow's butt.

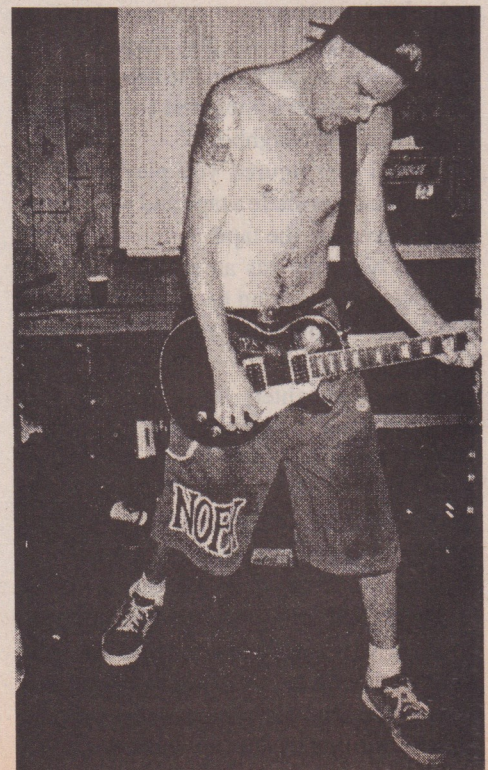
Jesse: It's like entertainment on a Saturday night. How far can you shove it.

PP: Well then, let's end the interview now.....where can people reach you?

Shawn: Lagwagon; PO Box 80051; Goleta, CA 93118. If anyone wants to send us anything...we always make the biggest attempt to write everyone back.

WAGON HO

SHAWN. Photo: Will Dandy





Official Group Shot by Jesse Fischer



There I was studying for my big end of the year, grade determining history test trying to make sure I got a good grade in the class. I was on the phone studying with my friend Matt when I got call-waiting. As I switched over I heard, "Hello, is Will there?" "Yeah, this is Will," I replied unsure of what awaited me. "Hey, this is Lars from Rancid." My head began to whirl. I had been trying to the interview for weeks and here was my unexpected chance. But what to do? I had to study, but I also had to get the interview. The dilemma increased as I remembered that my phone taping thing didn't work. Well, I quickly ditched my friend and my studying and taped the interview off my speaker phone. I had to come up with questions on the spot, but I think I did pretty good. To tell the truth I had to call him back when I thought of another question to ask him, but here it is anyway. If I do poorly in my history class I'll blame it on punk rock. Interview by Will Dandy

PP: Ok...I guess first off, Who are you?

Lars: My name is Lars Fredrickson and I play guitar in Rancid

PP: How'd you guys get started, Rancid that is?

Lars: Ok, Well I guess about two and a half years ago Matt and Brett and Lint formed it up and went on for about a year or so. Then they got me as a second guitar player and I've been in the band now for about fifteen months. That's basically how it happened.

PP: Why did you join Rancid?

Lars: Well, they felt that the music would be more powerful if they had a second guitar player. And I knew them from other things and we kept in touch with each other and they asked me to join and I said yeah I was into it.

PP: Why did you guys switch record labels so much? The first 7" was on Lookout, then the LP on Epitaph, then the 7" on Fat Wreck Chords.

Lars: The Lookout was the very first single and I'm not too sure, but I don't think that Lookout wanted to do anything further with Rancid, and Mr. Brett got a hold of the Lint and them and the Rancid demo and wanted to sign them. We're still on Epitaph. The Fat Wreck Chords thing is just kinda something that we did, we wanted to do singles on other labels. We can do that, so we just wanted to do that.

PP: What's the deal with the "Someone's gonna die" song on your latest 7"?

Lars: Well, it all goes back to one of the first punk singles I ever bought in the early 80's and it was really just a favorite song of mine. We all loved it, it was an old punk rock classic and we decided to re-do it and hopefully come out with a good song with it and I think that we did all right with it.

PP: Who was that by originally?

Lars: It's by Blitz an old oi band. A lot of people think that oi music is racist and things like that, but those people don't really have a clue at all. Anybody who knows about oi music knows it was all about standing together no matter what color you were or where you came from. It was about working class music and having a good time. A lot of people misinterpret it just because there was some stupid skinhead in 1987 at a Skrewdriver show that yelled "Oi!" because he was totally unaware of what was going on. People thought that oi meant being racist and in fact it is not racist at all, it's a very open movement, it was anyway. Oi music is all about unity and sticking together and fighting against what's fucked up in the world.

PP: You don't consider Rancid "oi" then do you?

Lars: Well...I don't know. Rancid is it's own thing. I can't really pinpoint exactly what the music is. To me it's just punk rock at it's street level. It's in our blood. I don't think that we could be doing any other music. Lint and Matt were in Operation Ivy and that was like a ska-core band and that was like one of the most brilliant things that has ever existed, I believe. They love ska a lot and I love skinhead reggae, like Desmond Decker, Jimmy Cliff and stuff like that and punk rock. There's all types of influences that come into our music and oi music was the first punk music I ever heard, like Blitz

and Sham 69 and bands like that. What I think we're all about really is a bunch of influences all wrapped up in to one and that is what makes us Rancid I guess.

PP: Ok, tell me about your new record and tour that's coming up.

Lars: Well the new record is going to be out June 12th, I believe, on Epitaph. It's got 23 new songs on it, actually there's two songs from the Fat Wreck Chords single ("Radio" and "Dope Sick Girl"), but they're a little bit different, we changed them around a little bit. We start the tour on Thursday which is the second of June and we'll be out for a month. Then we come home for a month and we do a couple local shows and I think we're playing with Sick Of It All over here for like five days. Then in September we're gonna do a Canadian tour and an east coast tour.

PP: Do you guys try to get any political ideas or anything across through your music?

Lars: I don't think this band is really out to change the world or anything. Basically what we talk about is experiences that happen to us every day, being broke, things that we've been through, addictions to certain things. We basically talk about things that have effected us throughout the years. It's kinda therapeutic to sign about what we know. Coming from the street level point of view is basically what we're all about.

PP: Ok, what the hell are you guys doing with a video on MTV?

(laughter)

Lars: Ok, well listen. We never did the video for it to be on MTV. We didn't really give a fuck where it went to. We basically did it to capture where we were at that time on film. We did it to have fun and we did it because we don't give a fuck. We like doing them...we actually love doing them. We're doing another one.

PP: For what song?

Lars: For "Nihilism." We did it because we love it. We love doing it and it's our art and it's what we're all about. I think that MTV would be a lot cooler if there was bands...Fuck, as a matter of fact I was just watching MTV at a friend of mine's house, I mean I don't even have MTV at my own house, where I live because I don't have enough money to afford cable.

PP: Neither do I.

Lars: How did you know then? What are you doing watching MTV either?

PP: I actually don't. I don't watch TV. Someone told me. It sounds like I'm making it up, but it's true.

Lars: Well, it's true. We were on it twice. I don't really give a fuck. I don't really care what people say. If people don't like it, Fuck off. If they do like it that's fine. I don't really care. We're not a band out there trying to make people happy. We're doing what we wanna do and if you like it, that's great we're totally stoked, but if you don't, hey that's fine, go your own way, I don't wanna hear about it.

PP: So no apologies, huh?

Lars: No, Fuck that shit! I stand my ground with everything that I do. I mean it's my fucking life. If I want some kid trying to tell me what I can do and what I can't do with my fucking music, ya know he's gonna have a definite problem with me. You know what I'm saying? It's kinda like if someone said, "Well, your fucking fanzine

was in the New York Times."

That'd probably be pretty cool.

Maybe for you, maybe it

wouldn't be. Then some kid

trying to tell you that that's

stupid or wrong, that's bullshit.

You gotta do what you gotta do.

If you feel it in your heart you

gotta go for it and that's exactly

what we did, and MTV just

picked it up. We had no idea

that it was gonna go there.

Actually we didn't really care.

It didn't effect us at all. We were

just like, "Oh, big deal." We're

still the same punk band that

we were a year ago and we'll

probably be this way for the

rest of our lives because that's

what we're all about is punk

rock music and having a good

time. I believe personally that

it's all about the music and

once you start trying to read

into it then you blow it. Then

it's not fun anymore. Music is

supposed to be fun and have a

message and have something to

say. I believe that's what we

do and when someone's trying

to read into my music and my

art to try to figure out if there's

something "P.C.", politically

correct or incorrect, about it. I

just tell those people to fuck off

because I'm not politically

correct in any

means. I'm not a

sexist or a racist,

but at the same

time I don't give a

shit about things,

ya know? If that's

right or wrong,

being on MTV in

somebody's eyes.

PP: So, do you help

write the lyrics to

the songs then?

Lars: I wasn't on the

first record, I joined

the band right after

the first record was

made. It was before

it got released and

they decided that

they wanted to have

somebody come in, so

I did it. The record

was released two

months, I think, after

I was in the band and this new

record I co-wrote three songs and

lately I'm helping a lot more. I'm

kinda cool with that. Lint and Matt

are probably the best song-writing

team that I've ever worked with and

it's kinda a pleasure even to just

watch them work. The new record

I helped write three songs and I

actually sing a song and I sing half

of "Nihilism" with Lint. We kinda

co-shared the vocals. But it's really

cool, I'm really stoked about that

because I was given the opportunity

to sing and that's like really cool.

That just makes me be thankful.

I'm very humble about those things.

I don't like getting a big ego because

egos are for rock stars and for

people who have small dicks or

something...so, I don't even bother

with the egos and that whole trip.

I'm just still the same person I was

a year ago. So, that's where I'm at.

PP: Ok, thanks. Do you have any

last comments or wanna leave an

address?

Lars: Yeah, please write to us at:

Rancid; PO Box 4596; Berkeley, CA

94704. Thanks a lot for helping us

out and giving us an interview and

your time, and your support.



This Photo: Kim Bae

COOL BEANS!

The Zine and the BBS

Matt Kelly is a 90's renaissance man. He's into computers, music, art, writing and publishing (among other things, I'm sure). Like every good 90's renaissance man, all of it is DIY. He runs his own computer bulletin board service (BBS) and publishes a zine (third issue soon to be completed) — both go by the name 'Cool Beans!' Don't forget the exclamation point! Matt graduated from Antioch College in 1992, then moved out to the Bay Area. He recently moved from Berkeley back to San Francisco, where he lives just outside the Mission District, in a converted warehouse space. I wrote to Matt after I received Cool Beans! #2, to tell him how much I enjoyed it and to ask him if he'd be interested in doing an interview for Punk Planet. He was more than willing to do so. What follows is a combination platter of our subsequent communications by telephone and via online computer chatting, along with information gleaned from his zine and BBS . . . listen in, why don't you?

PP: So, let's talk about your BBS. I want to ask you questions because I'm really interested in how you started it up, but I'm a complete computer novice and so I'm going to have to have you explain everything.

Matt: That's no problem. I think you should still ask those questions, and then when you don't understand something, I'll try to explain it. Then later, when you edit the interview, make it look like you knew more about what you were asking. :) That's what I do.

PP: When and where did you start it?

Matt: Ah, I started when I was living in Michigan, going to Michigan State University, in 1988, and at the time I was failing every class that I was in. Because I wasn't going.

PP: Were you a computer [I want to say nerd but think better of it at the last minute] . . . major or something?

Matt: No, actually, I hadn't chosen a major yet, this was my second year of school and you didn't have to choose one until the end of your second year. So I was undeclared (eventually I became a communications major because I got into radio) but . . . that year, that one year, I didn't pass a single class. I was actually

only going part time, but I skipped everything. I'd go to like maybe two or three classes in a quarter and then just say forget it. The real thing was, I didn't want to move home. So, I said, well, I gotta stay in college! It just didn't seem like there were many options at that point, I hadn't wised up.

PP: (Laughter and commiseration)

Matt: So, I was spending all my time calling computer bulletin board systems, and I decided after awhile that I should put my own up, because I thought I could do a good job, better than a lot of other people that I'd seen. And so I bought a hard drive and put it on line. And I hooked up with these guys in Texas, who do this organization called 'Cult of the Dead Cow.' They're sort of a . . . we're sort of a . . . kind of a hacking group that's sort of turned into a writing guild kind of thing. Our main function is to write and distribute text files. Like zines. cDc BBSs usually share a similar outlook on life and share some of the same philosophies . . . we're sort of like ex-hackers who have found other ways of fucking around now and haven't lost our attitudes.

PP: [Wild guess emerging to surface] Is that the same guy that does Dream Whip [zine], or is that someone else in Texas?

Matt: Yeah, he's one of the people who started cDc in 1985. Dream Whip is just . . . great. He is very cool.

PP: So what kind and how big of a hard drive do you need to run a BBS, or is there any minimum?

Matt: Well, you can run it without a hard drive. I should say that it didn't have one at first. At first, maybe the first year, I didn't have a hard drive, I just ran

COOL BEANS! BBS

415-648-PUNK

3181 Mission #113

San Francisco, CA 94110

Cool Beans! is what some people say when they are excited about something. It's also something Swamp Ratte used to say to me when I would rant on and on about something that I thought was totally cool, and he wouldn't understand necessarily what I was talking about, but he'd be excited just because I was excited. That's kind of what the BBS is about. Stuff you and I think is neat. The point is to have fun and learn about what other people are doing.

Part One - The BBS!

by Karen Fisher

it off of floppy disks, which kind of blew a lot of people away, because all I really had on line was messages and e-mail, stuff like that, and people were used to calling a bulletin board system that had games and utilities and stuff to download and you'd call my board, and it was just messages. But then, you know, a lot of people got into it, and I guess that there's a tendency for . . . well, now that there's so many more bulletin boards out there, there are more that are just messages. I'd like to think that mine was one of the first that was specifically message-only. And I found myself getting really interested in the music part of it and less interested in the hacking part of it, so I shifted the focus of the BBS over time. It originally was called 'Nihilism' or 'Pure Nihilism.' Pure Nihilism went online in September of 1988 and moved from area code to area code (517, 415, 513) and eventually the word 'Pure' was dropped. Cool Beans! is essentially the same BBS, only I'm not using an Apple IIGS anymore and there is a zine project (and a few other things in the works) attached.

PP: Is there a program or software that you just install and set up and personalize for your own use, or is it a program you made up?

Matt: I bought Searchlight software. I started out with something called GBBS on the Apple II and then eventually I switched over to something called Metal on the Apple II. Then I just gave up on the Apple II and switched to IBM (clone 386/40) and ran Searchlight so I could run a multi-node. Searchlight just came out with a new version 4.0; I was running 3.5 which had some problems that 4.0 doesn't have. And 4.0 will work as part of the internet, too. But just for e-mail and usenet. Not for telnetting around, or gophering or anything like that. Just e-mail and messages basically, no file transfers. But I still need to set up another program and get it running right to attach the BBS to the internet . . . I'm not sure when that will happen, but when it does, I'll offer very low cost internet accounts where people can get their mail and stuff.

PP: How many phone lines do you have hooked up?

Matt: Currently I have three nodes and two phone lines. On one of the nodes I can log in or anybody at my house can log in, and then on the other two, people

Other Cult of the Dead Cow BBSs include:

Demon Roach Underground 806-794-4362

(Password THRASH,

New User Password FEAR)

Kingdom of Shit 806-794-1842

Other Punk BBSs include:

Anti BBS in Atlanta

Submission BBS in Minnesota

Bing's Haus 304-291-3046

K-COW Force is another group of BBSs, they act as CDC's distribution network. They help get files out but aren't actually in Cult of the Dead Cow.

Cool Beans! BBS welcomes KAREN FISHER on Mon. 5-30-94.

1:22 pm

You last called on 5-30-94

You are caller no. 14721, with 6 calls total

Logging name...

You have 17 minutes of system time left today.

[You are chatting with G.A.]

Karen! Hi! I got your letter and the zine, every time I

log into the internet with the intent of writing back to you, I space out. But thanks for the review!

Wow, how did you know I was on?

heh... I was in my room showing the room to a guy

who's moving into it, and I saw your name on the

bottom of my screen, and I jumped up and ran over

here and started apping away... :)

Mere coincidence or some kind of SIGN??!

Well, you are on my computer in my

room... heh... and I can

see everything you do... :) actually, I have the

monitor on most of the time, and I keep it looking at

node 1 most of the time... where you are.

can call in. If you call the first number and it's busy, it bounces you to the second one.

PP: How do you work on your computer if you have the BBS running all the time?

Matt: I use my computer while people are logged in. I put the BBS in the background and do whatever I need to do in the foreground. I have another computer that I'm building to take over the BBS so I can use my main one for the zine and office stuff.

PP: Do you have to have some kind of permit or FCC permission or something from the phone company in order to start a BBS?

Matt: No, not at all. It's free. For awhile, I think Congress was bandying about the idea of making a special rate for modems to use the phone for bulletin board systems, but I think that that died, because technically a modem does use up more bandwidths than a person talking on the phone, so it does cost the phone company slightly more. Except it doesn't really cost them anything, because all the lines are in place. As soon as they've turned them on, it doesn't really cost them anything anymore. The phone company is making like, god! Billions and billions of dollars off of just renting us their lines. It's kind of silly. I mean, they are making advances, but not . . . you know. They're making so much money it's pathetic.

PP: I see you now have a thousand members on Cool Beans!

Matt: Yeah! I just noticed it recently. I decided that even people who only call once, I'm going to keep their accounts active for a year, if they don't call in a year, then I'll delete their account.

PP: Did you give the 1000th member a prize or fanfare or something?

No, I don't know who the 1000th person was. I haven't figured it out.

PP: And is the popularity of the board spread by word of mouth only?

Matt: Mostly. Mykel Board wrote about it in his Maximum Rock N Roll column, so did Larry Livermore and actually, Ben Weasel mentioned it once, too, cuz he called my board and picked a fight with me and wanted to fist fight with me and stuff. Actually, I took him up on the fist fight offer, but he never showed.

PP: [Busy thinking of next question] Huh? What was that?

Matt: He wanted to fist fight me over something silly. He was visiting San Francisco and he was having a really bad time, so he decided to call my board and tell everybody how much they sucked. And then I said, 'Hey, that's not very cool,' and he's like, 'Oh yeah, buddy? I'll fist fight you!' He was like, 'I know where you work!' And I said, 'Well, let's meet there right now!' And he said, 'Let's do it!'

PP: So he called you out, on line!

Matt: Yeah. And I showed up and he didn't. I just wanted to show up and meet him, really. I mean, it was a joke.

PP: So, are you calling another challenge to him right now? If I print this?

Matt: Sure!

PP: What kind of chores do you have to do to keep the BBS up and running?

Matt: Pretty much everything is automated, except for when you first sign on, you fill out a little application and I usually just see who the people are, and sometimes, you know, like if Mykel Board calls up I'll give him different access than somebody I don't know. So I validate accounts and that's generally it. And I answer questions, people send me e-mail about how the thing works.

PP: You always answer your mail very promptly and courteously!

Matt: I'm not too bad about that, actually!

PP: Where does the name 'G.A. Ellsworth' [Matt's online moniker] come from?

Matt: That's from . . . back when I was more of a hacker, AT&T had an ad campaign that was aimed at the college market about their charge cards. And they were called 'The Eliminator Cards' at that point, they would eliminate fumbling coin hassles, something like that. And the ad showed a James Bond-looking character holding his card up like

PP: 'Be Like Me!'

Matt: Yeah, with his sunglasses . . . it was kind of a post-Risky Business thing, a real cool-looking guy, holding up his card, and the card said 'G.A. Ellsworth' on it. And I thought that was hilarious, that they used a real name.

PP: [Laughing] Did you keep one of those ads?

Matt: I had a T-shirt for awhile, actually, with that on there. I think I have it somewhere still.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Welcome to Cool Beans! BBS

■ The following is a list of sample things you should know.

■ • There's really only one rule on Cool Beans! BBS. No Flames. A flame is when one person unnecessarily insults someone else or cuts them down because of a difference in opinions or taste. Messages of this nature will be deleted.

■ • This is MUSIC NERD CENTRAL! We talk about lots of stuff besides music, but this is not the BBS to discuss the newest word processors or spread sheets. Leave those discussions to the tens of thousands of other BBSs more suited to those discussions.

■ • If you have product (zines, records, whatever) to sell, go ahead and post about it. I always appreciate knowing what's available as do most of the other people on here.

■ • Finally, if you have any suggestions, questions, are just lonely or whatever, leave me some e-mail. Unlike many sysops I'm friendly and answer all the mail.

■ G. A. Ellsworth Sysdork of this dump

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ **PP: Have you ever signed onto the Well [L.A.] or MindVox [N.Y.] or one of those ['hip'] BBSs?**

Matt: Yeah, I've been on just briefly on both of those. I haven't been on AOL, although people forward stuff from there all the time to me, like the Courtney Love rants, and the newspaper articles that are posted on the newspapers areas on there get forwarded to my board a lot of times. All the really weird crime stuff, like people getting cut up and, you know . . . some guy cut off his wife's boyfriend's head and brought it to her . . . but yeah, I've seen them, and they seem like interesting places, but I always freak out whenever any place charges money.

PP: You mentioned earlier that you're going to start charging for internet access, but that's basically just to cover your own costs.

Matt: Yeah, that's just going to be for the internet stuff, the board won't charge otherwise . . . if people aren't interested in the internet, there won't be any difference. The same lines will exist for people regularly calling in for free, and they'll have access to everything they have access to now. I'm just going to add some more lines and take some accounts and let people have e-mail.

PP: Do you have . . . is it rude for me to ask whether you have a straight job that helps to pay for all of your endeavors?

Matt: No, that's not rude at all! Ask me anything! Yeah, I do have a straight job. I work in the desktop publishing department at Kinko's. But I don't get paid very much.

PP: But you get access to all the scanners, and color printers, and that kind of thing!

Matt: Yeah, exactly. It's not the best color printer, but everything else is pretty cool. We have a Tektronix.

PP: So your reward for running this board is just the sheer thrill of it and people like me idolizing and interviewing you.

Matt: Well . . . I don't know about the idolizing part . . . but really, generally I find it's much easier to meet people with similar interests when the first thing you do is discuss your general interests. It's kind of hard on the street to know who's interesting and who's not. But somehow when people start posting messages and stuff . . . that's generally why I've kept the board online, is because I make a lot of friends through it. But I'm also kind of interested and impressed with how the whole thing works, like a giant experiment that's been pretty successful.

PP: I'm impressed too! I like how you meet people and become friends with them without knowing what they look like.

Matt: You made the comment too, it seems like you know people that you talk to through modems and stuff almost better than you know people you see face to face.

PP: You'd almost tell them more things about yourself, because . . .

Matt: Well, maybe that's because they're not going to show up in your everyday life, but also . . . I mean, you

just cut right to the quick and you're talking about stuff that's important right away. I don't spend a lot of time writing, 'Hi, how are you, I'm fine,' kind of stuff. I usually write exactly what's to the point.

PP: First off, I should comment that the name indicates your obvious coffee fetish?

Matt: Ah, yes.

Subboard List

| | |
|----------|---|
| MAIN | General Information/BBS ads etc |
| BEANS | Cool Beans! The Zine... y'know? |
| TRAVEL | Places you've been, places you're going. |
| REVIEWS | Reviews of Stuff Stuff Stuff |
| CONCERTS | Concerts, Tours, Show Announcements |
| SF | San Francisco Events and Stuff |
| ROCK | Grunge, Noise, Guitar Rock... whatever... |
| METAL | Metal, Grind, Death, Gore etc... |
| PUNK | MAXIMUMROCKNROLL & Mykel Board & Larry L |
| SCAMS | Free Stuff.. Make life easier... |
| PUNKSEX | Punks, Sex, use your imagination |
| INDIEPOP | Just Gimme Indie Pop!! |
| INDUSTRY | Industrial, Aggro, Whatever... |
| JAZZ | Jazz (this has nothing to do with Utah) |
| HEADS | Phish/Dead/Spins/H.O.R.D.E. |
| TAPES | Record and Tape Trading |
| ZINES | Zines and Comics and Stuff... |
| VIDEO | Film, Video, TV |
| COMPUTER | Computers, Hacking, The Internet |
| PRIVACY | Privacy, PGP, Encryption |
| CRIME | True Crime, Killing Sprees, etc |
| TONYA | Tonya Harding's World |
| SPEED | Speed Freaks We Used to Know |
| SMOKEPOT | I buried Paul |
| COFFEE | Coffee, Caffeine, Espresso, Cola |
| WHISKEY | Bourbon, Rye, what more could you need? |
| BEER | Hey there poseur, I wish you were a beer |
| DRUGS | Illicit Substances Questions and Answers |
| REPOMAN | Ordinary Fuckin' People. I Hate 'Em. |
| POETRY | Po-Tree |

Part Two-The Zine!

PP: [Asking Matt one of the questions he asks everyone who signs onto his BBS] And what is your favorite kind of coffee?

Matt: I like a coffee called Cafe Bustelo, and it's out of a can, actually. It's ground and everything... it's a Spanish coffee. Canned in the Bronx, New York.

PP: Look for it at a supermarket near you!

Matt: Yeah, I'm a big endorsee. I like it a lot. Actually, I mix it with Chock Full O'Nuts, and drink a giant mug of espresso every morning.

PP: Oh, Chock Full O'Nuts is my favorite brand!

Matt: It's really good, I think it's a really good mixer.

PP: You have to love that name, too.

Matt: Yeah! I'm thinking of doing a... the next issue of my zine is going to have a Cafe Bustelo can, like the decor on the can is going to be the cover of the next zine. And I'm thinking of doing Chock Full O'Nuts after that, cuz I like that can also.

Cool Beans #1 - Interviews with Helmet, Sebadoh, Jesus Lizard, Aaron Cometbus, reviews, etc., is SOLD OUT! THANKS!

PP: As you know, I'm bummed for missing your premier issue.

Matt: Oh, that reminds me! I'm re-printing! You're one of the reasons I'm re-printing. A few other people requested them also. I've decided I'm going to keep them in print. As soon as I get the masters run off again, I'll be sending you one.

PP: Yay! That would be great! That was the Coffee Issue, right? Each with its own unique handmade coffee stain.

Matt: I set them all out on the floor and threw a big pot of coffee. I actually threw several, and it was espresso.

PP: When did that come out?

Matt: Um, I finished that... I guess it was about a year ago. Yeah, I would say it was April or May of last year and that has all sorts of stuff, but I'm especially proud of the Sebadoh interview, cuz I think it's one of the best Sebadoh interviews I've ever seen, and my best interview that I've ever done.

PP: Have you gotten to be friends with Lou Barlow or have you just kept in touch with him since then?

Matt: I'd say we're acquaintances. He gave me a song to release on the 7-inch in the next issue.

PP: And you interviewed Aaron Cometbus for Issue #1. Was that a personal interview, did you meet him?

Matt: I did it all through the mail. But I've met him recently, cuz he sought me out and wanted to trade zines cuz he likes my zine, which made me really happy also. I sort of wasn't sure if my zine would fall on deaf ears or if it would actually hit the people that I wanted it to in the right way, and it seems to be doing a pretty good job of expressing what I want to say about the music scene, and the people that I like seem to like it. And that's really important. But it doesn't have a picture. I know you were asking for one.

PP: I just get curious, I don't know.

Matt: You ought to pick up some Crimpshrine records. Cuz he was in Crimpshrine, and there's lots of pictures of him in that.

Cool Beans #2 contains interviews with Jon Spencer, Swirlies, Seam, Food, Bob Mould, Suzy from L7, head injury stories, reviews, and lots of cool stuff. #2 is SOLD OUT! THANKS!

PP: Issue #2 is the Head Injury Issue, each one hand-splattered with real blood. No, okay, red ink. I'll just say again that I enjoyed it very much. [See Punk Planet #1 for review.]

Matt: There were three that had real blood on them. They went to my three best friends.

PP: Really?! They're collector's items!

Matt: Exactly! I had a bloody nose, and I thought it would be kinda cool — 'Oh! Where's my zine?'

Cool Beans #3 contains interviews with Free Kitten, Greta Shred (Mudflap), Hair and Skin Trading Company, Frank Black, Lewis Largent, Dis-, and has a 3-track 7" included with songs by Lou Barlow, Dis- and a special surprise guest. AVAILABLE SOON!

PP: When is Cool Beans! #3 coming out?

Matt: I'm hoping to get CB! #3 out by the Yo Yo Studios festival in Olympia. So that's like the 2nd week in July.

PP: You told me last night that you're going to have a 7-inch in your next issue.

Matt: That's right! The 7" is going to have a band called Dis- from Milwaukee and Lou Barlow. And then the special surprise.

PP: You gotta keep a little mystery, there.

Matt: Well, everyone will find out about it when they get it. Also in my next issue, where I show how I pay for the issue [Issue #2 showed a winning Lotto ticket], I'm actually going to put a food stamp. That's how I got through the last six months was on food stamps. And now I have a job, so they're probably going to take my food stamps away, but I endorse food stamps as well. I think they're great.

PP: How are you going to package the record with the zine?

Matt: Well, first of all, the zine is changing size. It's going to be legal size, folded in half. So it'll be seven inches by eight and a half. And then I think, what I've been planning to do is put the 45s in a bag, you know, the little plastic 45 bags, stick the zine in right behind it, so some

of the zine will still be exposed, but then you could still pull it out and read it, but keep the 7-inch in the bag!

PP: Oh, that'll be good, that's going to be a great bonus. How much are you going to charge for it then?

Matt: It's going to be a three dollar issue. I was hoping to just charge to three dollars and stick with that, I think that's a fair price.

PP: Well, that's cheap! I want to make sure to include your address in here so that people will be sure to send in for it. Can they send you money right now?

Matt: Sure! Absolutely, there are people who have already sent in money, actually, including Jimmy Johnson from Forced Exposure, who's been my favorite, my biggest... well, that just gave me a rush, getting a request from Forced Exposure for my fanzine. Records for review, too.

PP: How did you get started with the zine? Did you just get inspired by other zines that were out there?

Matt: Oh, definitely, yeah, there were some zines that I just was completely inspired by, and then others that I wanted to emulate something out of, and zines that are gone that I wished were still around.

PP: Do you happen to know — well, I'm asking you if you know all these people from San Francisco as if it's just a small neighborhood!

Matt: It is, kinda!

PP: Do you know Lisa Carver [Rollerderby] and the girl who does Flatter [Jaina Davis]?

Matt: I haven't met them before, but I see them at shows. Or I see Lisa Carver at shows. She's sort of like a friend of a friend. I would like to interview her at some point, but she's kind of careful about who she lets interview her.

PP: I love her. And Rollerderby and Flatter, too. But do you sometimes think that maybe there are too many zines out there?

Matt: Um, I think I'd get in trouble if I said yeah, but I'd say, I wish that some people would work harder on their zines and not just throw them together. Cuz I don't think that putting out a fanzine or a zine should really just be something that's just thrown together just so you can get it out; it is a folk art and I think people should take the time to do as good a job as they can. And I wish more people would do that. Could I plug some zines?

I really like... there's a zine called 'Abuse,' a mail art zine out of Boston... 'Dream Whip' is also pretty amazing. There's a magazine called 'Feminist Baseball' that is, especially the recent issues are, just really amazing. That's from, I think it's from Seattle or just outside Seattle. There's a zine kind of like it called 'Wipeout' out of Memphis, but he's a little more jaded and has a slightly more... I'm not sure what kind of attitude, maybe bad attitude, but it's still a great fanzine. My friend Blake does a zine called 'Shampooop' that's quite good, about his own personal life, and all the places he goes. And... let me think. There's a zine called 'Waffle' which I like a lot, put out by a guy from somewhere in mid-California. And I'm really quite inspired by all of these. And 'Cometbus' also. When it's time for me to work on my zine, and I need to get psyched up, I'll open up all of these to parts that I like and I'll just take it all in and think, 'God! I can do this, too! I'm right there!'

Hope you're loggin all this... :)

I did not open a log but I think I can save it or at least print it?

If you can print it you can probably save it. Welp, should I let you go to do some more BBS stuff? Or would you like to chat some more?

Actually, my boyfriend just came in with the Chinese food so I should probably go eat. But I'll talk to you tomorrow afternoon sometime.

Do you have an estimate time?

I have to run around and do some distro of PPlanet... let's see... would about 5pm be good?

5pm my time or yours? waittt... you're in San Diego?

Yes, we are on the same time. We could synchronize our watches if we want to get serious about it...

Heh, I forgot where you were... Yah, that's cool.

Sish I should be here... well, talk to you later!

Thanks! See you!

[He's outta here!]

[END]

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EXCURSION P.O. BOX 20224 SEATTLE, WA 98102

Lloyd
heard drums. Or one
drum maybe. There
was a gentle rhyth-

mic pounding in the distance, a lone indian somewhere in the desert, beating a tiny drum very slowly. It was barely perceptible, at first. But it was there. His eyelids began to very slowly peel themselves apart. Tiny droplets of sweat, and dry air stung at his eyes, and a fresh rush of tears blurred his sight. There was a netting cast over him, a thick mesh almost like a blanket, but he could still make out some sort of dim glow, not too far in the distance, a bonfire of some sort. There was a nagging pain in his side, more of an annoyance than anything else, and he thought to himself that maybe he was laying on a stone or a stick or something... A gentle rain washed over his head and his face, dripped over his heavy brow and trickled down the back of his neck like a warm molasses. He was relaxed and shut his eyes again, and lost himself in the gentle rhythm of the drum.

It had seemed at first that Lloyd had it all down to a science. It had been his obsession ever since he and Barbara moved to Arizona. Hunting snakes is what he did, and he did it with all of the skill and grace of a surgeon. He'd get real antsy at work, especially when the last minutes were ticking away, and when it came time to punch out, he was always the first one to hit the door, and within moments he was gone.

Lloyd rushed straight home from work to fetch his equipment, the knee-high thick rubber boots, his flashlight, scotch, burlap sack, and the thin fiberglass lariat — a choke chain that bore a strange but appropriate resemblance to a fishing rod.

"How's work...?" Barbara would mutter, and he'd rush right past her and into their room. Rummaging through the top drawer of his night stand he found the huge shining bowie knife. His baby. It was a present Barbara had gotten him in Texas years back... Rushing back out of the front door with a fragment of a banana jutting out of his mouth, and his arms wrapped around his equipment, he'd mumble something that could've been taken for a: "Bye, hon..." The rusted yellow station wagon would shoot out of the driveway and down the road, and Barbara was left alone, eating ice cream out of a soggy half-gallon container in front of the dim glow of the television.

Lloyd was gone. His foot smashed down on the accelerator, pushing the old Subaru to it's limits, so that

a slow night for Lloyd

by Jose Moya

there was a pro-
found tremor that

resonated deep from inside it's rusting guts. The car was on it's last leg as it was... But there was a childlike thrill and anticipation that shot through his innards just in flying past the familiar landmarks. Every passing Circle K, and every pseudo-Spaniard style stuccoed housing complex brought him closer to the city limits. And then, all at once, it all disappeared. The incandescent urine colored streetlights, curbs, stop signs and Marlboro billboards became invisible, cloaked by a heavy black shroud, and then there was nothing. Nothing but road and desert. The deafening moans of the old engine shrank to a soothing hum, and Lloyd got another shot of that thrill of leaving the wife, the house, and the rest of civilization behind.

...Or maybe it wasn't a drum! It was louder now, anyway, and closer. He wanted to open his eyes, but something told him not to. He was being lifted, that was it! Lloyd had been laying over a young sapling, that was now growing at an incredible rate — some strange magic no doubt! — and it pushed him skyward. There was an almost painful pressure in his chest, and the way his head hung... It was all wrong. The drum was louder now, and it had taken on a different tone. It was quicker. More forceful. The sound of beating resonated in his head. He could feel the concussion.

Every highway staple, every image — he had seen them all! The browning, looming saguaros, roadkills of every imaginable creature, the glittering reds and blues of state police random checkpoints, the splintering abandoned roadside shops, the flashing hazard lights of beaten junkers on the shoulder — they all pushed him further and further into the desert. Lloyd relentlessly pushed on to get to the middle of nowhere. He took the backroads and lonely two-lane highways, stopping only when he was certain that he had absolutely no idea where he was.

On it's way down, the sun would spill out a bloody stain over the sky and delicate wisps of clouds, and the heat gradually retracted further and further, retreating to the west. The horizon eventually became absolute pitch, and

made the construction paper silhouettes of cacti and distant peaks into silent, imposing specters. It was during these changes when the rusted car would come to a gradual halt at the shoulder of some desolate road.

While the engine still ran, Lloyd would take out the silver flask from his jacket pocket and take a deep pull, rinsing his mouth and throat with his cheap scotch. His right hand reached for the key and shut the engine off. The headlights were extinguished, and everything went black. Black in the worst way. The whole landscape became a thick black tar, enveloping everything... There was an occasional break in this blackness. A thin stripe of dark blue on the horizon, against which the contours of the mountainous peaks could be seen. That, and the blurred greyish moon that hung uselessly in the sky like some pockmark. Lloyd would kick his head back and take another deep swig off of the silver flask, and slap his hand against the tiny switch on the steering column.

The intermittent pulsing of the hazard lights cast a stale orange over the desert, creating a landscape that was horrible and bizarre. The hazards lit an unreal landscape, and then submitted to the soupy darkness, and then returned and, and died, and returned, and died again... Lines and dimensions and depth were distorted and broken, and became a setting as surreal and threatening as those seen in nightmares. The darkness threatened to swallow everything up, and the orange glow offered to light an eerie path, and neither of them following through. Yet Lloyd was completely oblivious to all of this. There was a glowing warmth of scotch simmering in his cheeks and his belly, and he seldom noticed much more than that.

The drums were gone now. Instead there was an intense pounding. A throbbed so forceful that he could swear that it would blow his head apart, sending gory fragments of skull splattering all over the upholstery just from the sheer power. The wife would really get a load of that... he thought. His eyes opened and he stared straight ahead. There was blood all over the dashboard. Lloyd tried to look down at himself, to catch a sight of his surrounding and to figure out what it was that was bleeding all over him, and he found that he couldn't. A fierce pain danced on the crown of his head. His eyeballs rolled upwards, and he thought to himself that he was pretty close to the windshield.

Lloyd would prance around the desert like a giddy child. More often than not he was drunk before he got more

than a hundred feet from the road. The flashlight that was meant to light his way before long pointed off in cock-eyed directions, or was aimed at his feet so that he couldn't see a damned thing unless he stepped on it. He swung his lariat carelessly in front of him like a sword, back and forth, imagining himself giving a pretty good lashing to the guys from work or at bars that gave him shit. He mumbled unintelligibly, narrating these scenes. Every snake within a mile knew he was coming... Either it was the stench of liquor and alcoholic farts, or his incessant babbling, or the "obscene flop-floping" sound that resonated from the rubber boots as they slapped against his legs.

Usually, it was about an hour or so before he'd come across a snake. It was completely by accident. He stumble over a rock or through some dried-up shrubs, not knowing where he was going, and then there was the immediate and piercing sound of the rattle. The sound of the rattle is shrill and twisted, and hearing it one can think only of death. It freezes the soul and can cause the hearts of even stone faced indians sink to their bladders. Lloyd is not immune to this fear. There was a bolt of electricity that shot from the base of his skull down to his tailbone, it shook him out of his stupor. He is very familiar with the sound though, and what it does to his mind and his body, the horror and the momentary paralysis... He has a very intimate knowledge of them.

Lloyd would steady himself and find the snake with his flashlight, keeping it distracted; moving the light in wide gentle arcs in a fashion similar to the snake charmers of the far east. The snake would fix its attention on the light, following the motion of the arcs. Lloyd would then slip the wide loop of the lariat over the snakes head, and pull back on the trigger. The line would snap back and the game was done. The fierce hissing and shrill rattling was a joke after that. Lloyd had a habit of drawing the snake close and puckering up his lips, cooing:

"Yes, yes precious..."

He would then set the snake against the ground, stepping on it's head to keep it from slithering back off into the protection of obscure places. He drew his knife from its sheath, and grinning like a fool, knelt down over the snake and plunged the edge into the base of its skull. The snake would thrash around madly at this point, still trapped under Lloyd's booted foot, and Lloyd pulled the blade through, severing the head completely. The body continued to writhe for a moment or two, and then would slow gradually and then come to a sudden stop, almost as if it had been convinced that it was dead. There were occasions when the

rattle would continue to tremble sporadically for at least twenty minutes. Instinct.

He wanted to cry. The pounding in his head continued relentlessly, and the blood continued to trickle down over his face and head. His head had plunged into the windshield, and the top of his head pushed through almost to his ears. The dynamics of the bubble shape created in the webbed glass were strikingly similar to that of a fresh pimple. The car rested at an uneasy angle.

Barbara could tell whenever Lloyd came home. The door would creak open, and he'd stumble in. There was the familiar sound of his boots and snake-hunting equipment being dumped in the vicinity of the closet. The deep, rich sound of the river of piss plunging into toilet water. The rancid smell of stomach gas. Barbara woke up early one morning to a particularly sour smell. She traced it to the sofa, where Lloyd had left his jacket early that morning. Inside his pocket she found three snake heads, in various stages of decay, that Lloyd had neglected to set outside to dry.

"Fucking asshole...!" she muttered taking the jacket to the kitchen sink. She shook the jacket out, sending three rotting snake heads tumbling down to the garbage disposal. "I've had enough of his shit!"

Tonight had been pretty slow for Lloyd. After wandering aimlessly and staring up at the stars for twenty or so minutes, he had caught and killed a young diamond-back. It took all of fifteen seconds, before he had the lifeless snake in the heavy burlap sack. He slipped the dismembered head into his pocket and continued. For the next four hours he didn't see another living thing. He kept taking pulls off of the silver flask, and wandering... It must've been near 2AM when he decided to head home, and he stumbled back to where he left the car, following the dull orange pulsing of the hazard lights.

He drove home on some desolate stretch of highway, trying desperately to keep the road in focus, swaying back and forth uneasily. The warm glow of scotch churned in his face and in his belly, and he thought that it would be alright if, just for a second, he could close his eyes.

A bolt of pain flew into his rib cage, a fiery hot sensation. His left hand flew instinctively to his side. He lurched forward, and his eyes bulged, searching wildly around for some attacker. He leaned hard onto the steering wheel, and the speeding car skidded across the shoulder and flew into the narrow trench that followed the road.

Lloyd was thrown head first into the windshield.

Lloyd came to, and was still drunk. By now, the harsh bolt of pain in his side had washed away into a cool numbness, and he was soaked with his own blood. He made a solemn resolution to detach his head from the windshield, and braced his arms firmly against the dashboard at an even distance. Very slowly, he began to pull. A horrible pain burst into his neck, and there was a renewed flow of blood raining down, and he could suddenly feel where every individual particle of glass dug into his scalp. His head was further through than he thought. He braced himself again, trying to muster up the courage to continue, and pulled. Forcefully. There was a muted crackling from where the huge sheet of glass was giving way, and a continued warm wash of blood over his head and neck.

"Goddammit...!" he emoted, and wrenched his head free of the windshield. His head bobbed around as though it were attached by a thin spring, his neck was unable to support such weight, and he kicked his door open. He covered his face with his hand momentarily, and then began wiping away the drying, gummy blood from his eyes.

"Fuck, yeah!"

He stumbled out of the car, and began to climb out from the narrow trench. He gazed up at the stars and said his thanks to God.

An Arizona state police officer discovered Lloyds body on route 42/ Pima rd. about thirty-five miles north of his home in Phoenix. Lloyd was sprawled out in the middle of the road, face down, spread eagle. The officer reported that he would've run the body over, had he not slowed to investigate the Subaru station wagon that had run into a wash drainage ditch.

An ambulance arrived at the scene some twenty minutes later. A particularly green paramedic, in an attempt to cut away Lloyd's jacket and shirt, discovered that both seemed to be attached to him —stapled to him. The curious group of paramedics and police gathered around as the clothing was carefully separated from lifeless skin. In the left jacket pocket was found the head of a young rattlesnake, jaws still clenched tight and fangs erect. Lloyd was pronounced dead on arrival at St. Johns hospital. A coroner reported that the death was caused by a heart attack induced by lethal amounts of snake venom.

Pretty Girls

MAKE GRAVES

BY LARRY LIVERMORE

In the city of Eureka, which to most eyes is a nondescript, washed-up mill town on the north coast of California, there is a long pier that extends out into Humboldt Bay and affords a gorgeous view of a very smelly pulp mill.

Nobody knows what the city, or the Louisiana-Pacific corporation - not that there's much difference - was thinking when they built this pier. Did they really think people wanted to while away their hours with a mechanized vision of hell staring them in the face? True, to be that close to the mill when it's in full operation can be awe-inspiring, but it's not the sort of awe you usually associate with a quiet afternoon by the sea. It always put me more in mind of watching the human race being dropped, one person at a time, into the maw of a meat grinder.

But as you might guess, I spent a fair amount of time out at the end of that pier. Why, I'm not quite sure, though I assumed it had something to do with wanting to be by myself to think. You had to walk through a long, dismal stretch of town to get there, and though once in a while there'd be a couple fishermen, and occasionally some of the artsy punk types who liked to drink beer there, I usually had the place to myself. That is, till Shelagh attached herself to me.

Maybe that's too harsh a way of putting it. I don't want to make her sound like a fungus or something. Besides, it wasn't so much that I minded being around her, just that the motivation was all on her part. I tend to stick by myself, and if anyone wants to spend time with me, they usually have to make all the effort.

Which, for reasons I've never fully understood, she was willing to do. I met

her in Old Town, where she worked at the counter of one of the coffee bars. I'm not that big of a

coffee drinker, but I'd go there anyway, I guess for the illusion of culture it offered.

It was quiet that day, and eventually I was the only customer in the place. She started talking to me, and I was quietly flattered. Usually people ignore me.

She was a good talker. With her you'd never get those awkward intervals where nobody seems to know what to say. She was pretty too, in that bland, inoffensive way that I've since begun to find very offensive. There was less to her than met the eye, I figured that the first time I met her.

But being a girl gives you certain advantages. I'm not saying it makes up for all the disadvantages, but you can have a certain sort of social life just by keeping a nice smile and a semi-understanding look on your face. Boys, the great majority of them, will eat that stuff up.

Of course I'd rather kill myself than live like that. So I spend most of my time alone, or did until I met Shelagh. Even though I thought she was too shallow for me, and was probably wasting my time, it was a nice change to have someone to do things with. So I'd go along with most of her plans, and pretty soon we were seeing each other almost every day.

Eureka is a small town and not exactly fraught with excitement, so most of our hours were whiled away in cafes and long, meandering walks around the deserted streets. At first I was reluctant to take her to the pier, but I started to miss the place. I didn't think she'd appreciate it the way I did, and maybe she didn't, but from then on, if I didn't lead the way there, she would.

One of my favorite things about Eureka is the way that time seems indistinct, how the days and nights seem to blur together and nothing ever really changes. I think it's because we spend so much time under a

fogbank, and also because, really, things don't change that much here. Summer went by

like that, with me and Shelagh lolling on the end of the pier, talking about whatever we talked about. I honestly don't remember, though it all seemed quite important at the time.

And it might have gone on like that for much longer if a third party hadn't entered the picture. His name was Geoff, and he had the pale, ethereal face of a poet. He came into the cafe one day and sat down at the table next to us. Barely glancing in our direction, he pulled from his backpack a thick copy of Proust's *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*. In the original French.

Intellectual boys, especially good looking ones, not being especially plentiful in Eureka, I was intrigued. Being with Shelagh led me to overcome some of my natural shyness, and I felt brave enough to ask him if he was from France.

He wasn't, not that I had really thought he was. He was from Berkeley, a university student who, for reasons I never completely understood, had decided to take a year off from school and spend it, of all places, in Eureka.

Shelagh was blatantly unimpressed by him, and her disinterest ripened into obvious dislike as Geoff and I found more and more things we had in common. She got increasingly restless as we talked about literature, about poetry, about films. Finally she insisted that we had to leave, making up some phony excuse about how I'd promised to walk her to her doctor's appointment.

I didn't want to go, but I was used to letting her lead me around, so I said my goodbyes to Geoff and told him I hoped we'd run into each other again. He smiled quietly and buried his nose in his book.

The minute we were outside Shelagh lit into me. What was I doing, she demanded, flirting with that little weirdo? Probably a fag, too, the way he was talking all that crap about poetry and art.

This sounded odd coming from Shelagh, considering that she normally liked to cast herself in an artistic light. I asked her what was really bothering her.

She glared at me. "What's bothering

me? What do you think is bothering me?"

I hate answers like that. If I wanted to play guessing games, I wouldn't have asked in the first place. But for the next couple hours, our conversation consisted of little more than me asking the same question in different ways, and her throwing it back in my face the same way.

At the end of that time, we found ourselves, as per usual, at the end of the pier. Our Indian summer heat wave, the two weeks or so of warm weather we get most Septembers, was ending, and the fog, thick and low, was beginning to sting our faces.

Shelagh was being very strange, acting in a way I'd never seen her act before. Although she was capable of being serious, she was usually in no danger of overdoing it. It was my biggest complaint about her, in fact, that she always tried to keep things light and superficial.

But there was nothing light about the way she was staring at me now. I was truly startled when she took both of my hands in hers. She'd never been big on physical contact, except for the way she would lightly touch my arm or shoulder when she was trying to make a conversational point.

"I saw the way you were looking at him," she suddenly said. "How could you be interested in that little sissy? All this time I thought there was something between you and me, and that you were just too shy to do anything about it."

I was startled, though not as much as I might have been. It was true that I had begun to suspect Shelagh might have more than casual friendship in mind, but the idea seemed so ludicrous that I simply refused to think about it. But there was no escaping it any longer.

"What do you mean?" I was stalling for time.

"You know what I mean, don't play dumb with me."

I gave a great sigh and looked across at the pulp mill. "Shelagh, you don't know what you're saying, I mean, you don't know what you're asking. I'm not..."

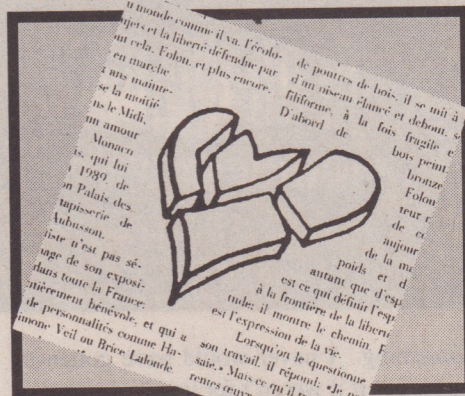
"Forget it," she snapped. "I don't have to beg. Thanks for not wasting any more of my time." She stomped away.

I was confused. I sat there for a long time, wondering what she wanted,

wondering if I'd ever see her again, wondering if I wanted to.

I decided I should at least try and talk to her, but on my way to the cafe the next afternoon, I ran into Geoff on H Street in front of the post office. He seemed happy to see me. We decided to walk down by the Carson House and the Maritime Museum, because Geoff had never been there before.

A chilly wind was blowing off the bay, but we sat on a table behind the museum, where it was almost warm. It was the kind of day I loved, when you could almost see and feel and smell the seasons changing. We talked until after dark, and then Geoff said he had to leave. I'd forgotten all about



Shelagh.

The next morning, she was pounding on my door before I was even out of bed. "Get dressed and come with me," she said. "We have to talk."

I hate when people suddenly go completely out of character, but that's what Shelagh was doing now. She was never serious, never bossy, never demanding. Not until now, I mean.

I asked if we couldn't talk right there on the porch, but she wouldn't consider it. We had to walk across town to the pulp view pier. She didn't say much on the way there.

"Did you think about what we were saying the other day?" she asked, once we were finally seated at the end of the dock. It was beginning to drizzle.

"What was there to think about? I don't understand what you want."

"I want you. I want you to pay attention to me. I want you to stop taking me for granted."

This was getting out of hand. In desperation, I tried to change the subject.

"You know, Shelagh, I'm starting to feel really close to Geoff."

She glared at me. A hissing sound escaped between her teeth as she spoke.

"You make me sick."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you make me sick. I can't believe you, drooling over that pasty-faced little twerp and ignoring me. Is there something wrong with me? Am I that hideous?"

"No, not at all, Shelagh. You're very pretty. I just think we had different things in mind."

"I guess we did. Well, if that's the way you're going to be, then you can forget about me." She got up to leave, then stopped, as if she'd suddenly realized that I wasn't as disturbed by this news as she thought I ought to be.

"And you can forget about Geoff too."

Now I was bewildered, so much so that I forgot to utter my usual "What do you mean?" Instead I sat gaping at her.

"I'm taking him for myself," she purred. I was too amazed to laugh, as ridiculous as the idea seemed.

"That's crazy, Shelagh," I said. "You don't even like him. And anyway, he's not some piece of furniture that you can pick up and put down where you want. Don't you think he has some ideas of his own about who he likes?"

"He's a boy. He keeps his brain tucked inside his underpants. All I have to do is bat my eyelids and spread my legs."

That description sounded so far removed from the Geoff I knew that I was hard pressed to get mad at her. "You're crazy," I told her. "You're upset, so you're saying things you don't mean, that don't make sense."

"Oh yeah?" she smirked. "Watch me."

I didn't see her or Geoff for the next three days. I was just as glad not to run into Shelagh, but I was beginning to wonder what had become of Geoff. I wished I had found out where he lived.

I made a point of walking around the streets more than usual in hopes that I'd see him, at the same time avoiding Old Town, which was Shelagh's regular haunt. Finally,

though, my curiosity got the better of me, and I went to the cafe.

They were both there, Shelagh behind the counter, and Geoff at the nearest table. She was carrying on a running conversation with him in between waiting on customers, and he was laughing a lot, tossing his head back in a way that seemed unusually boisterous for him.

"Oh, hi," he greeted me, with an unmistakable coolness.

Shelagh threw me a smile, the same vacant, implacable smile that she reserved for all her best customers. She brought Geoff some more coffee, and made a point of not asking me if I wanted any.

I felt very awkward being there at all. All I wanted was to get Geoff to go somewhere with me so we could talk, but he showed no interest in leaving. And I couldn't say much to him there, because Shelagh kept buzzing over to the table to tell him about this movie she'd seen on TV last night, or to ask what he thought about that girl's hair color, or if he liked the Sumatran coffee better than the Colombian.

When I couldn't take it any more, I got up to leave, first asking Geoff if I could see him sometime later.

"Sure," he said, making no attempt to establish a time or place.

The next two days I passed the cafe but didn't go in. Both times he was sitting there, laughing at her jokes and animatedly discussing whatever she wanted to discuss. I didn't go back for a while after that, but one day in early November, I saw Geoff walking by himself way out on F Street.

"What's up with you and Shelagh?" I asked, dispensing with any pretence at niceties.

"Uh, I'm not sure what you mean."

"I mean are you guys going out now, or what?"

"It's hard to say. I mean, it might be presumptuous of me to say."

"What's so hard to say?" I pressed. "Are you having an affair? Are you in love?"

After a long pause, he said, very quietly but very firmly, "Yes." Then he quickly added, "I mean, yes, I am, but I can't presume to say what her feelings are. I can

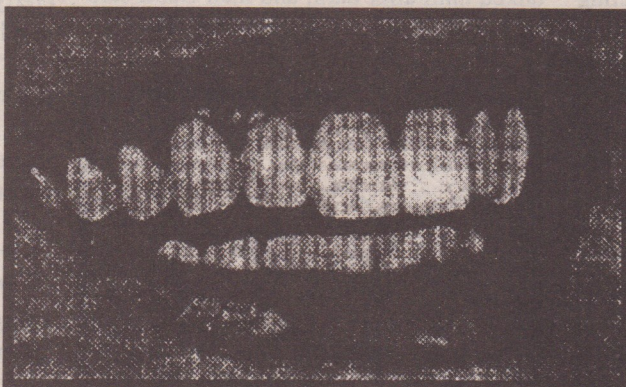
only hope."

There was no point in arguing, nor in repeating to him the conversation Shelagh and I had had. She'd proved her point, hadn't she? Even if I could get him interested in me again, would I want to? If she could play him for such a sucker, he couldn't be as bright as I'd thought.

"Well, I hope you're very happy then," I said.

He beamed, apparently unable to perceive even a hint of sarcasm in what I'd said.

"Thanks. I feel like I really owe you



something. I never would have gotten to know her if it weren't for you."

"Don't mention it," I said as I slouched away.

Winter came late that year, but when it finally arrived, it was with a vengeance. It poured rain day after day; even I, who love that kind of weather, stayed inside most of the time. I brooded a lot too; though I tried my best not to think about Shelagh and Geoff, different things kept reminding me of one or the other of them. More than once I'd find myself stomping around the room swearing and kicking at things.

When I saw Geoff again, he looked different. Older, for one thing, not boyish anymore. And his face didn't light up in a smile the way it usually did when he saw someone he knew.

"How've you been?" I asked.

"Uh, okay. Not really. Can I ask you something? About Shelagh?"

"What?"

"It seems like she's changed. She used to always be happy to see me, and now she acts bored, and it seems like she's always

too busy to spend time with me."

"And...?"

"Well, you're her friend. I thought maybe you'd know why she was acting that way."

"I could tell you, but you wouldn't want to know. And I'm not her friend. I thought you knew that."

"Sure you're her friend. She always talked about you. Sometimes I used to get jealous."

"There was never anything to be jealous about." I sighed heavily, and stopped myself before anything else slipped out. What could I say? That he had been the object of a sporting competition? That his feelings didn't matter to Shelagh in the slightest, and that they were beginning to be of very little concern to me? I was disappointed in him, but I didn't want to destroy him. I made some excuse and left.

I only saw him one more time, about a week later. He was walking away from the cafe, and he was crying. He nodded at me, but showed no inclination to stop.

Possessed by a morbid curiosity, I suppose, I wandered into the cafe to see what Shelagh might know about this. For the first time in months, she treated me with some civility. She even showed me a surreptitious shadow of her old smile.

"Did something happen with you and Geoff?" I asked. "I just saw him crying."

"Awww," she laughed. "He was fun for a while, but way too sincere. He said he couldn't stay in the same town with me if I didn't love him anymore."

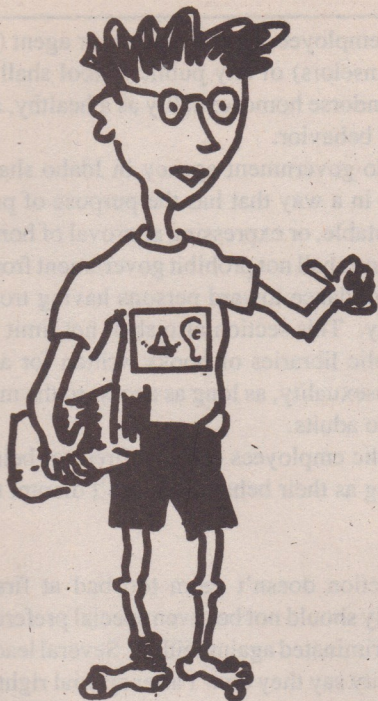
"What did you say?"

"I said he should find something better to do with himself than writing bad B-movie dialogue."

"Cold, Shelagh, cold. He was really in love with you, you know."

"Yeah, yeah, I guess I'm just irresistible." She shot me a meaningless glance as she began washing out some coffee cups.

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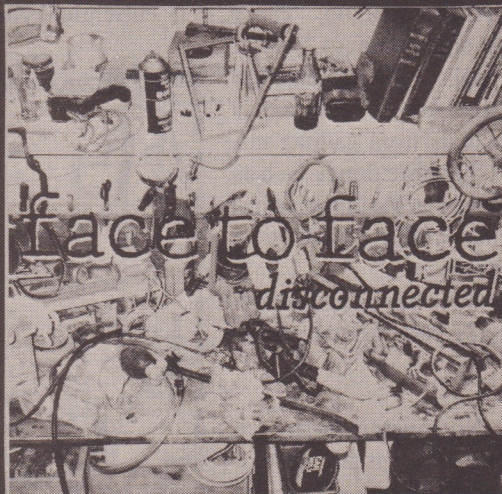
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ANTI-QUEER NATION?

BY MARK HANFORD

A war is being waged in the United States against homosexuals. It comes in the guise of a ballot initiative in several states that the backers claim would prohibit "special rights" for homosexuals. However, the language in the initiatives shows a different agenda.

The whole thing started in Colorado with the passage of an amendment that prohibited "special rights" for homosexuals. Then, a couple of years ago in Oregon, a group called the Oregon Citizens Alliance tried the same thing. They failed to pass the initiative in Oregon in the first year of their existence, so they branched out to several other states, including Idaho, Nevada, Washington, California, Arizona, Michigan, Florida, and Maine. Colorado has reportedly lost millions of dollars in tourist money, who have boycotted the state because of the intolerant climate they feel the amendment created, even though the Colorado Supreme Court prevented the Amendment from taking effect.

In Idaho (which is where I'm writing this from, and therefore have the most information about) the initiative is backed by the Idaho Citizens Alliance (ICA). The ICA is currently trying to acquire enough signatures to put an amendment on Idaho's general election ballot that the ICA says is designed to prohibit homosexuals from gaining minority status and therefore things such as hiring quotas. However, the initiative has several parts that would discriminate against homosexuals.

The initiative has five basic sections, which are as paraphrased as follows:

1. No government agency in Idaho may adopt any laws or policies that have the purpose of granting minority status to homosexuals, therefore affirmative action, quota preferences, as special classifications such as "sexual orientation" shall not be established on the basis of homosexuality.

2. Same-sex marriages and domestic partnerships are illegal.

3. No employee, representative, or agent (including guidance counselors) of any public school shall promote, sanction, or endorse homosexuality as a healthy, approved, or acceptable behavior.

4. No government agency in Idaho shall expend public funds in a way that has the purpose of promoting, making acceptable, or expressing approval of homosexuality. This section shall not prohibit government from providing positive guidance toward persons having trouble with sexual identity. This section also shall not limit the availability in public libraries of books written for adults that address homosexuality, as long as access to the materials is limited only to adults.

5. Public employees can't be fired for being homosexual, as long as their behavior doesn't disrupt the workplace.

The first section doesn't seem too bad at first glance. Homosexuals probably should not be given special preferences, but they shouldn't be discriminated against either. Several leaders in the homosexual community say they aren't after special rights, merely equal rights — the right to live as they choose without fear of reprisal.

Arguments against the initiative, however, are based largely on this section, and that is mainly because of the 14th amendment to the US Constitution which guarantees that no state shall "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws" and also says that states can't enforce laws that "abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States." Opponents of the initiative argue that it would prevent homosexuals from ever seeking protection from discrimination, which would deny them access to



the political process. This is the reason that the Colorado Supreme Court gave in their decision that their amendment was unconstitutional. In addition, the Idaho attorney general's office has said that the ICA initiative would probably be unconstitutional because it targets people based on whom they are, rather than on overt conduct.

Supporters of the initiative say it is constitutional because it is founded on the will of the people, as is reflected in sodomy laws (In Idaho, as in some other states, it's illegal to have oral or anal intercourse, whether it's heterosexual or homosexual). Supporters also argue the initiative's constitutionality based on their claim that homosexuality is defined by behavior and is not in the same class as gender and race. This, of course, goes back to the old argument of whether homosexuality is a choice or determined by genetics.

The second section (on same sex marriages) is probably designed to keep couples from gaining tax and insurance advantages from living with each other. This is simply discriminatory and stupid — but in Idaho it doesn't really matter anyway, since same sex marriages are already illegal.

The third section is the most troubling area of the initiative because it attacks basic freedom of speech issues. It keeps teachers, librarians, and counselors from talking about certain subjects. The Idaho attorney general's opinion has stated that the initiative might limit discussions in classrooms to one viewpoint in discussions of homosexuality, and would affect classroom discussions of everything from gays in the military to AIDS.

Whether you agree with homosexuality or not, it seems to me that you want a school counselor to be able to discuss homosexuality freely with a student struggling with his or her sexual identity. Under the initiative, the counselor either couldn't discuss the matter with the student, or would have to tell the student that what they were feeling was wrong, unhealthy, and incorrect. (And you thought teen suicide statistics were bad now?)

One of the biggest problems with the fourth section is the part dealing with libraries. Note that the initiative says that libraries must keep books that simply "address" homosexuality away from children. Not those that promote it or encourage it, but those that simply talk about it. Idaho libraries say it will cost them millions of dollars to separate the books, and to find facilities to house this "adult" reading material. In addition, the wording would keep all kinds of books out of the hands of children, including encyclopedias, dictionaries, works of classic authors such as Shakespeare, health guides, and, ironically enough, the Bible.

Another argument against the fourth section is that it might be used to keep police (state employees) from protecting gays who might want to march in a gay pride parade. It also could keep a law school professor at a state run college from discussing cases that dealt with gay partnerships or homosexuality in general.

The fifth section appears to me to be a device to get the initiative backers off the hook, so that they can say "See, we don't want to discriminate against anyone." But as the other sections show, their whole purpose is discrimination. In addition, there is no way to determine exactly what might constitute a disruption in the workplace. It could mean that something as innocent as a gay person's pictures of his or her partner couldn't be displayed on their desk.

Already in Idaho, the Attorney General has said that the initiative probably would be ruled unconstitutional if it passes, but the ICA keeps fighting. In Oregon and Colorado, the state supreme courts have ruled their initiatives unconstitutional, but large legal battles are pending. (The trial in Colorado starts June 30th in Denver). The OCA also keeps up the battle by getting cities to pass local ordinances against homosexuals, which won't go into effect until the constitutionality of the issue is decided.

The possible passage of these initiatives may mean millions of dollars lost for the economies of the states, both because of tourist boycotts and legal fees. Colorado lost \$6 million alone from Laurel Entertainment, Inc. who moved filming of a TV show to Utah. And there is still no estimate of amount that Colorado has spent in legal fees just to discover the non-constitutionality of the law. In addition, legal fees would increase if the initiative was ruled constitutional because of the number of people who would fight it in court, which would cost the states even more money.

But money aside, it also could cause hate crimes against homosexuals to increase, and it takes away a little bit of freedom from

all of us, not just homosexuals (who don't currently have as much freedom, in many states, as the rest of us).

Here are a few addresses you can contact to learn more about the anti-gay initiatives and other issues of this nature:

National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF)
1734 14th St, NW
Washington, DC 20009-4309

Right Watch
PO Box 4321
Portland, OR 97208

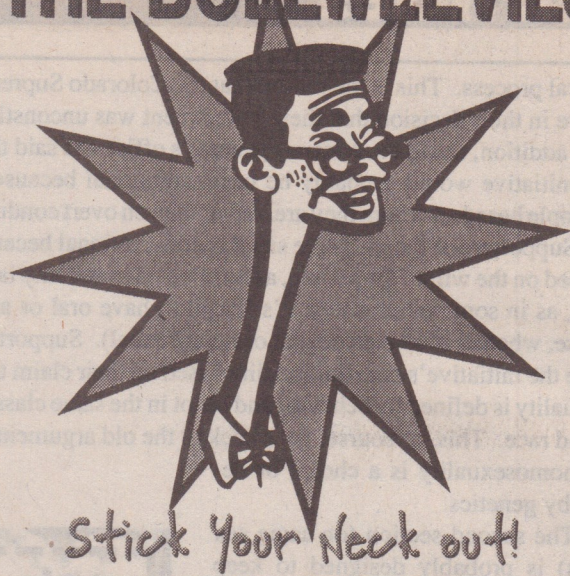
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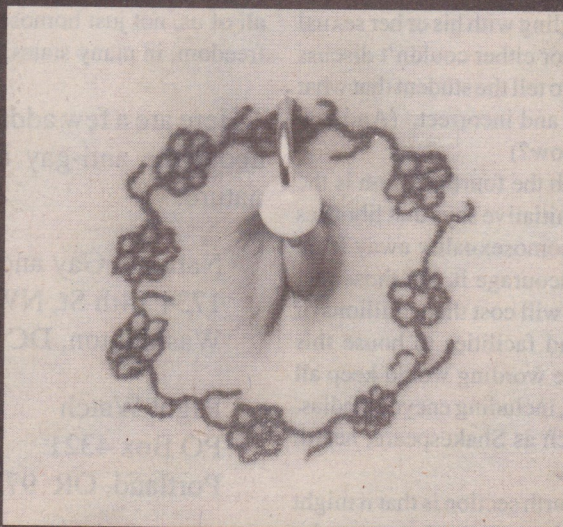
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The D.I.Y. Files

F

How To Put out a Fanzine part two

NATIONAL DISTRO

So you've got a great zine all made up. There's a thousand copies sitting in that corner of your room, or perhaps filling up your entire room. Whatever the situation is you've got a definite problem. What the hell are you gonna do with them? You couldn't sell all those locally unless your friends bought ten copies each! Why were you so foolish to print so many!?! How can you get them out of your room and into another punk's sweaty hands? That's where distribution comes to the rescue. Give the zines to others and make *them* sell them. It seems ingenious. So, how do you get people to distribute your rag?

Well it's fairly simple. No matter who it is, they'll want to see an issue of it before they promise you anything. So, get a list of distributors (not as easy as it sounds) and send a copy of the zine to each of them along with a little form letter about yourself, the zine, and on what terms you'd like to work with them on. That's all you need to get distribution all over the U.S. if you do it right. Now, back to that little list of distributors that I mentioned before. We made our list with the help of Jim Testa (fanzine whiz), TylerCP@aol.com, and by taking a few minutes to look for ads of distro places in other punk zines. This gave us a page long list of distro folks that each got a copy (if you want a copy of the list send a couple stamps and your address to me at the southern division!). It's too early for us to have heard from them, but we hope/think that someone out there will help us. There are many small distributors, but the really big, national ones are Cargo, Revolver/Scooby Doo, Blacklist, and Mordam. With the help of these big boys you can rule out having to deal with the small timers if you want to.

So the world's in the palm of your hand and here's only one more thing that people looking need to know, and that is what the word "consignment" means. It sounds scary and the first time I heard it it sounded like "corporate rip-off tactic" to me. But don't be scared; it's your friend. Consignment means that a store, or a distributor, takes a set number of your zines and tries to sell them for a specific amount of time. After this time is up they give you the money for each one that they sold and return all the issues they didn't sell. They may even want more, but make sure they pay you before you send off more...they may be trying to rip you off! Well, with these tactics you should be able to get as much distro as you want and I wish you all good luck! By the way, if any reader wants to do distro for us (Punk Planet), please write me! -Will Dandy

LOCAL DISTRO

So you have gotten your zine sent out accross the country, you are getting mail from people thousands of miles away, and the punks down the block still don't have a copy of your zine. Local distro is as important as national, and in fact, a zine with a good local following has an easier time of breaking out nationally than a zine that starts national from the get go (not that it's impossible though, we did it!) So how to do local distro.

First off, you need to think about what local means. Is there one place in your town that sells zines or punk records. If so your job is fairly simple. Go there with a pile of zines & talk to the person that does the buying. Most likely they will not but outright, no matter how cheap your zine is (this is something I will never understand), you will have to consign your zines to them. With only one store, it's easy to keep track though, go in there once every two weeks or so just to make sure they've got enough.

If your city/town has a lot of places that will pick up your zine, then your job is quite a bit harder, but you will end up moving a lot more of your zine. You need to go around to every store, introducing yourself to the buyer, showing them your zine, consigning 5 or 10 or more copies. The hard part is keeping up with who has what. I have found it easiest to make a list with each store name & how many they took. You will need to set up a route of the stores selling your zines & stop by every week or so. You never know who will run out when, so frequent visits are important.

I can not stress enough how important it is for the buyer at the store to get to know you. If s/he knows that you are good about coming in & checking that they are well stocked etc.. they may pay up front the next time. By you going in, they don't forget about your zine & may even give it a good spot on the shelf. Most people like putting a name & a face with a product, and by you going in, you let them do that.

Another thing to do is to try to make your route of stores as fun as possible. The worst thing that can happen is that your zine becomes a chore! I take my bike out once a week now & do the rounds at my local stores. I get exercise & I move zines!

Finally, you need to show up at shows & sell your zine. Some people are very good at this, and could sell anything to anyone at a punk show. Others (myself included) are not. No matter how frustrating it is, the best way to get your zine into hands of punks is to sell it directly to them. If you have problems selling to people directly, get a friend to do it, or talk to one of those kids in the corner that always has a table heaped with stuff that they sell & consign some copies to them. Or just walk up to people & say 'hey wanna buy a zine' you'd be surprised how many people actually say yes!

The most important thing in doing local distro of a fanzine (or anything) is to not get discouraged!! People will say no, or things won't move as quickly as you would like. Stick in there, and it will pay off. -Dan Sinker

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- 6.28 rapid city, SD
- 6.29 billings, MT
- 7.01 denver, CO
- 7.02 salt lake city, UT

Here's this month installment of record reviews. Remember: **BANNED** means that it was banned by Maximum Rock N Roll, although I'm not sure how we find out that info... The Planeteer Reviewing Staff is as follows: Matt Berland (M.B.), Darren Cahr (D.C.), Steve Cook (S.C.), Will Dandy (W.D.), Jon Entropy (J.E.), Kristen Francis (K.F.), Dave Larson (D.L.), David Selevan (D.S. 2), Dan Sinker (D.S.), Bret Van Horn (B.V.), John Zero (J.Z.), Karen Fisher (K.F.2) Remember, if you want YOUR record reviewed...send it to us!-Will Dandy

8Bark-Scam, LP

Solid release here. Well produced with very tight musicianship. The female back up vocals give a mellow feel to some fast paced music. The lyrics are personal and honest. It's tough to describe this music. Very innovative and different, maybe something between Godless and Jawbreaker but different. I recently heard a song of theirs on a Lookout! comp. and was impressed. This CD comes with a thick booklet containing angry rants about Jobs, Work, and Scams as well as lyrics and photos. Fast paced, upbeat and intelligent, I've got no complaints. (J.Z.) (\$8 (CD), Underdog Records, P.O. Box 14182, Chicago IL 60614, USA)

Antioch Arrow -In Love with Jetts, 12" LP

9 songs, all under two minutes; the first impression is old-school thrashy fast-tempo punk. But there's lots going on here. The vocals are raw, wild, desperate — screeching, wailing, stuttering, shrieking, with a little maniacal laughter thrown in for good measure. The guitars are brutal and driving, but constantly changing as well — twirling, twisting, distorting. My senses were bombarded; this is complex stuff, not for the faint of heart. Both repels and compels. I liked "Chaos vs. Cosmos", with its smashing distorted drums starting off a confused, frenzied swirl of lyrics about a wedding ("Who's gonna be the first to catch the b-b-bouquet?") and a sad little feedback wail at the end. Demands multiple listenings to explore all the levels coming at ya. If they exude this much energy on stage as on record, they probably blow up the room. I keep missing them live, unfortunately. (K.F.2) (Gravity, P.O. Box 81332, San Diego, CA 92138)

Artless Motives-Peace Through Corndogs, Cassette

Do you miss Operation Ivy? Then rejoice, because Artless Motives are here to fill that void! While they are the closest thing to Op. Ivy I've heard yet, it's not fair to call them an outright copy. They've got more horns, for one thing, and an almost "Emo" feel at times as well. I don't know how much they are selling this for, so you'll have to ask them WHEN you write. It's hardly a choice, really. (D.L.) (P.O. Box 1592 Eugene, OR 97440)

A.P.P.L.E.-Neither Victims Nor Executioners, CD/10"

The CD (what I have) has all the A.P.P.L.E. stuff ever on it. The 10" is just new stuff. This is really a mixed bag. There's some new wave songs, some cool hardcore, and everything in between, not to mention folk. The lyrics are always cool, the music is half of the time. The new stuff is all the good stuff, so I recommend the 10". This is pretty good, but not what I expected and the singer begins to annoy me after a prolonged period. (W.D.) (Broken Rekids; PO Box 460402; San Francisco, CA 94146)

Big Drill Car-No Worse For the Wear, LP.

Big Drill Car are back, after a hiatus of what seems like a couple years, they've brought back their very own brand of pop-punk/rock n' roll (on a different record label, even). However, what starts off with some totally catchy summer songs, slowly slips into a radio-rock groove, and by the end of the record has lost my attention. Still better than their last LP., but lacking something yet. No lyric sheet, either... A good choice for fans of ALL, or later period Descendents.(B.V.)

(Headhunter/Cargo; No Address)

The Bollweevils-Chicago, 7"

These guys are fun, light, poppy, fast, melodic punk. They remind me a lot of Rhythm Collision. They're sort of like a snotty '77 band playing at double time. This is a must for people who like Rhythm Collision, Screeching Weasel, The Vindictives, or anything else like that. Fast, snotty, good. (W.D.) (\$3.50; Dr. Strange Records; P.O. Box 7000-117; Alta Loma, CA 91701)

Brujeria-El Patron, 7"

Mexican hardcore. Very grinding and swirling music with deep, dark vocals over them. To give you a sense, they have 3 people who play Bajo (I think that's bass). Scary huh? Then there are 5 more total members making this a very unique (and large) hardcore band. Their songs are about drug lords Pablo Escobar and Hermanos Menendez. Weird spoken word parts during songs too. Pretty scary. Very good! (W.D.) (Alternative Tentacles Records; P.O. Box 419092; San Francisco, CA 94141)

Cap'n Jazz -s/t 7" BANNED

For me, Cap'n jazz was always that local band that I never actually got to see play, and more importantly, never really wanted to. This 7" changes all that! This is wonderful. It's really chill and exciting all at the same time. They sound almost like NATION OF ULYSSES at times, only more calm, but perhaps every band that uses a trumpet as filler noise makes me think fondly of NOU. This IS a really good 7". (DS) (Underdog Records P.O. Box 14182 Chicago, IL 60614)

Dead and Gone-s/t, 7"

I bought it because it has ex-members of Filth and Blatz. I like it because it is good slow hardcore. Sort of like Discharge with more singing and more meaning and better. That's the right tempo though. The music reminds me a good deal of Filth actually with the bass a bit more pronounced. The singing is pretty generic hardcore style, but cool lyrics. All in all: it's got my seal of approval! (W.D.) (Vinyl Communications; P.O. Box 8623; Chula Vista, CA 91912)

Defiance-s/t, 7"

Ex-members of the Unamused, Resist, and the Deprived team up here. This is one of the best records I've bought in the last year. It reminds me of a cross between Chaos UK and the Wretched Ones. It also reminds me a good deal of Discharge, but it's MUCH better. The use of the bass in this record is great, they have bass solos, bass intros and parts where the bass stands out for a melodic break. Sort of a mix between traditional hardcore and Barpunk. This is an incredible record that you must get NOW! It's so good that I'm setting up a show for these guys and you should catch them if they ever come to your town. INCREDIBLE!!!! (W.D.) (\$3; Consensus Reality; 1951 West Burnside #1654; Portland, OR 97209)

DIE 116-Damage Control, LP

This is similar in ways to that Orange 9MM record that Revelation put out a while back. Just like Orange 9MM, This band contains an ex-Burn

member, and DIE 116 actually end up sounding more like a continuation of Burn than the other. DIE 116 also feature Rorshach's drummer, from what I've heard. This record is a bit on the rock side of hardcore, but it's still raw enough to be enjoyable. (D.L.)

(WRECK-AGE 451 West Broadway 2N, New York, NY 11012)

Doc Hopper-Chaser, 7"

I've never written a record review before...so bear with me...I liked this 7" a bunch...there are three songs on it...two of which (melcher and summit) are on the aloha LP...the other is a cover of a childhood favorite of mine...down on the corner...melcher's intro. is stolen from samiam's instrumental version of you looking at me but samiam's awesome so it's a good thing...if you like poppy, newer punk...you'll like doc hopper...(K.F.) (thrashing mad records 29 perry st. apt.1f ny,ny 10014)

Econochrist-Skewed, 7"

If you don't own anything by Econochrist yet...it's time for you to now. They continue in their style which I can't really describe very well at all. But I'll try my best. They are have slow chord changes with fast strokes and singing that sounds like a Born Against 45 played at 33. A good hardcore that, obviously, leaves me with a lack of words. Recommended. (W.D.)

(\$2.50; Ebullition; P.O. Box 680; Goleta, CA 93116)

Engine Kid-Bear Catching Fish, LP

Engine Kid want to be Bastro (or Bitch Magnet) so badly that they can taste it. Oooh, they want to be Slint. Oooh, they want to have Sooyoung Park licking their boots, telling them that they are soooooo dynamic. When you compare this fake crap with the real thing (see, Rodan's "Rusty" for an example) you wonder how they can live with themselves. Better yet, you wonder why someone put this out in the first place.(D.C.)

(C/Z Records, Ltd. 1407 E. Madison #41, Seattle WA 98122)

Endpoint -After Taste, 12"

This immaculately packaged 12" won me over on my first listen, and left me out in the cold by the 10th or so time on my turntable. I don't know what it was. I loved it with a passion when I first got it but a few days later it sounded stale! As with every other Endpoint release, this album has some very high points and some very low points. For me, the best tracks are when they are sticking with the Endpoint sound, not trying to copy other sounds, most notably the 1.6 BAND. Actually, I think the best track on the album is the acoustic number at the end. It's cheesy but lovably so. (DS) (Doghhouse Records PO Box 8946 Toledo, OH 43623)

fluf -Home Improvements, LP (CD)

Recorded as always in Hi-Fi, 3-D, Fuckophononic Sound! I have this love/hate thing going with fluf . . . Olivelawn is one of my all-time faves and two members from that classic grouping are in on this threesome: O (guitar, vocals) and Jonny Donhowe (bass). They're joined by Miles Gillett on drums. Sometimes they seem to slack into a 70's guitar rock he-man thing. It seems right on the tip of my tongue what band epitomizes the sound I mean . . . but then they hit me with those fat fuzzy guitars and I think, "Oh yeah, I like them!" Plus they record everything analog so it sounds better on vinyl. The CD spine sez "Buy a record player." The liner notes proudly state the album was recorded in less than 40 hours and mixed while playing darts. Okay, you know their heart is in the right place, and damned if I don't start tapping my foot and going along with it all. 14 rockin' songs. Best: "Twister," and "RK Wins," a Rodney King anthem ("Beat a man senseless 'til he hits the ground, it's 1993 and that shit's still around! WHYYYYY?" (K.F.2)

(Headhunter/Cargo, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432)

fluf -Sheela Na Gig, 7"

Fucking awesome cover of a fucking awesome PJ Harvey song. I saw them sing this live last summer and wondered if any of the dudes bouncing along realized O was singing "Look at these, my ruby red, ruby red lips!" (If you could see this in person you'd catch my drift.) Their big fat buzzy guitars work well here. Recorded Oct. 93, but I think this single just came out. B-side has two songs, "Song in D," an Overwhelming Colorfast cover, plus a little acoustic co-ed duet as a bonus. (K.F.2)

(Goldenrod Records, 4186-A Sorrento Valley Blvd., San Diego, CA 92121)

Gauge -Swing, 7" BANNED

This single is technically perfect. Gauge plays a groovy FUGAZI like hardcore off without a single mistake. I don't, however, know if that makes this a good record. It is almost too perfect. I listen to it and want to hear a guitar squeak out of place or a late drum fill. These boys practice and it shows! (DS)

(Underdog Records P.O. Box 14182 Chicago, IL 60614)

The Geezers -s/t, 7"

Retro 1982 hardcore punk. Something makes me want to call these people up and let them know it's 1994, but I think they already know. (DS)

(Underdog Records P.O. Box 14182 Chicago, IL 60614)

The Green-s/t, 7"

This reminds me quite a bit of Crackerbash. I know the band hates it when people say that so it must be a good comparison. They do have a bit more of an East-Bay style to them than the 'bash did, though. What you get here are 4 songs and 4 color covers and clear vinyl. A decent first effort. If you like this style of stuff you probably won't be let down. (D.L.)

(Hair Hurt Records P.O. Box 201 Redmond, WA 98037)

Ground Round-Confused and Unknown, 7"

It took me a while to get used to the singer. But this is wonderful. This is what Crimpshrine would sound like if they were still around. Wonderful melodies and the songs make you wanna lie on a grassy knoll and think. Beautiful, melodic, music. I was humming the last song on it, "Dirt and Ashes," all day. I listen to this two or three times a day and find myself humming it randomly. These guys need an LP and a tour! (W.D.)

(Kirbdog Records; P.O. Box 286; Santa Rosa, CA 95402)

Godheadsilo-The Scientific Supercake LP., LP (duh!)

I'd only heard a little Godheadsilo before and thought it was Ok, but I decided to try this out. Boy am I glad! These guys are so cool. They are deep and bassy and cool as shit. They remind me of Unwound on speed playing an octave lower. It's really cool and there's even a warning that the bass might break your speakers. That tells you that it's cool right off. Swirling, bass madness, not to be missed, although it has the most annoying lock grooves ever on BOTH SIDES!! (W.D.)

(Kill Rock Stars; 120 NE State #418; Olympia, WA 98501)

Guttermouth-11oz., 7"

There's something about Guttermouth that gets me hooked. Maybe it's their inane lyrics. Maybe it's the singers oddly distorted voice. Maybe it's the quick paced and intricate guitar melodies. Maybe it's all this combined. Whatever it is, it has made them one of my favorite bands and this

surely continues their place in the ranking in my head. (W.D.)
(Hopeless Records; 15910 Ventura Blvd., 11th floor; Encino, CA 91436-2804)

Haggis/Life After Johnny, Split 7"

The Haggis side is pretty cool, straight forward punk rock with no frills, and your basic three or four chords. Their 7" rips this to shreds though. The Life After Johnny side is really good though. It's easy '77 with a female singer. Basic and beautiful. It reminds me a bit of Good Grief except not as complex. Both side is definitely better than average punk rock, with the Life After Johnny side being the high point. Pretty cool. (W.D.)

(\$3; Screwball Productions; P.O. Box 752; Boise, ID 83701-0752)

Han-Shan-s/t, 7"

This is grindcor-ish stuff from a band I've never heard of. The recording quality is really bad (like a Mummies recording), but it just adds to the noisy sound of the music. Sticks to pretty much my traditional expectations of grindcore with some slow parts going into blasts of noise. Lots of shouting and massive distortion, but not death-metal type stuff (ie Nausea). This band sounds like a mixture of some of the really hardcore stuff like Resist mixed with pure noise grindcore like Destroy, it makes a pretty interesting combination and a damn good 7". (J.E.)

(\$3, Soledad; 120 State ne #236; Olympia, Washington 98501)

Heavy Vegetable-The Amazing Undersea Adventures of Aqua Kitty and Friends, LP

I really think this CD is wonderful because this band plays really good music compared to some of the other records I have spent my money on. This band has a variation of heavy and soft songs that make this record perfect for any mood that I may be in. Furthermore, the male and female vocals are beautiful. I definitely recommend this record to anyone who is not afraid of good music. (D.S.2)

(Cargo Records; 582 First Street #9 Encinitas, CA 92024)

Hiatus-From Resignation...To Revolt, LP

This is a pounding and screeching trip into the world of Sound Pollution Records. The music is really crunchy and quickly played with killer distortion. The screamer (uh...I mean singer) only sings about 1/10 of the time which is a plus. It's just right and makes it 10 times more powerful. This is for fans of moderate grindcore. The samples on this are worth the money alone. (W.D.)

(\$7; Sound Pollution Records; P.O. Box 17742; Covington, KY 41017)

Hubcap -s/t, 7"

This record seems to suffer from a case of schizophrenia. Hubcap can't tell if they are serious or joking, hardcore or college rock, metal or noise, punk or puke. Because of that, I can't tell either. The fact that the record comes packaged with a lot of random things but no lyric sheet doesn't help either. I dunno. (D.S.)

(Honky 300 Records 2149 Forestview Evanston, IL 60201)

Huggy Bear -Main Squeeze, 7"

Huggy Bear discovers an effects processor and serves up their usual heart wrenching noise punk -with reverb! As with every Huggy Bear record to date, this one sounds even more manic and out of control than the last. As with every Huggy Bear record to date, I love it!! (DS)

(Rugger Bugger Records PO Box 357, London SE19 1AD)

Iconoclast, CD

While I find myself disagreeing with him quite a lot lately, I can't deny that old Mr. Kent McClard puts out some incredible records. This is no exception. If you like that Gravity Records style Emo-core then this is for you. I guess this is everything they ever recorded on one disk. "Wits End" has to be one of the best songs ever. Buy this. (D.L.)

(Only \$5 p.p. from: Ebullition P.O. Box 680 Goleta, CA 93116)

Killdozer-Uncompromising War on Art Under the Dictatorship of the Proletariat, LP

This record, like all Killdozer records, makes me laugh very, very hard. They are heavy (oh yes, they are heavy) to the point of making the Melvins seem like Enya. Of course, the purpose they have set themselves to is entirely different—Killdozer thinks the world is a big, violent joke, and after listening to this (and 12 Point Buck, their wonderful previous album) you'll be inclined to agree. Their paen to getting busted for pot possession at a Journey show ("The Pig Was Cool") and to helpful puppies ("Knuckles the Dog (Who Helps People)) are worth the price of admission alone. The liner notes to this album (with elaborate, real footnotes to obscure Marxist texts) are a hoot and a half. Hell, they even cover a Black Oak Arkansas song. Get this. (D.C.)

(Touch & Go Records, P.O. Box 25520 Chicago, IL 60625)

Kepone-295, 7"

This is a fast paced hardcore band. They have some cool melodic parts it them too. The vocals are really screaming, deep, in your face while the music sort of vibrates in the background. The second side has much more conservative singing and is not as good as the first side. This is a good 7" for all you fans of sludgy hardcore. (W.D.)

(Alternative Tentacles Records; P.O. Box 419092; San Francisco, CA 94141)

Lagwagon/Jughead's Revenge, Split 7"

The Lagwagon side is their cover of Van Morrison's Brown Eyed Girl off their LP. A wonderful version of the song, but unfortunately no new material. Still very good if you don't have the LP. The Jughead's Revenge side is like a Fat Wreck Chords band except for the vocals. The vocals are flat out deep hard core vocals. They took a bit of getting used to, but they are the driving force behind this band. Both songs are really good. If you don't have either song, both are worth your money alone. (W.D.)

(Hard Records; P.O. Box 661131, L. A., CA 90066)

Los Crudos-Las Injusticias Caen Como Pesadillas, 7"

Yep, another Crudos record that fucking rules. Big surprise. If you haven't heard Los Crudos before (and there must be someone out there who hasn't), they sing entirely in Spanish and play these wonderfully powerful short punk songs. This record is definitely not a diversion from that formula. (D.S.)

(Lengua Armada 2340 W. 24th St. Chicago, IL 60608)

Man Dingo-How's my Driving?, 7"

I wasn't too impressed first off, then slowly, but surely I got into their groove. Aggressive vocals with melodic music kinda like a Fifteen. It's a dreamy thing, the whole powerful yet melodic type of music. Pretty cool, I know I'm planning on getting their LP (out mid-June). (W.D.)

(Dr. Strange Records; PO Box 7000-117; Alta Loma, CA 91701)

Man is the Bastard-Our Earth's Blood, 7"

Ok, so this is not what I expected from one of my favorite grindcore bands. Why you ask? Because it's a spoken word album. Don't let that scare you

off though. This 7" has some really strange noise/static stuff in the backgrounds with a guy with a voice like a typical grindcore vocalist's (Satan, demon, etc.) screaming 'lyrics' over it. It took me a while, but I really got into liking this, and it has some of the strangest background noise I've ever heard (one part sounds like someone playing Pac-Man). This is comparable to nothing I've ever heard. If you're a fan of the REALLY weird shit, grab this, but if you're expecting grindcore 'music' you will be disappointed. (J.E.)

(Vermiform Records; P.O. Box 12065; Richmond, VA 23241)

The Medieval, 7"

This record is one of the greatest new records to be released. It is the epitome of punk rock, with fun instrumentals, funny lyrics, and sick vocals. The sound quality is pretty poor because it was recorded on a 4 track. In any event, this is still a great record that I can have fun listening to over and over again. It really makes me want to dance. (D.S.2)

(Rugcore Records; P.O. Box 33543; S.D., CA 92163-3543)

Offspring-Smash, LP

This is So. Cal. melodic hardcore a la Bad Religion. While I prefer their first album, this one is almost as good. On a few of the songs they really stand out, and those cuts are on par with the best that Epitaph has to offer. It's one of those CD's that you have to listen to a few times before you can really get into it, but in all it's a great release. (M.B.)

(Epitaph; 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 111; Hollywood, CA 90028)

Powerdresser, 7"

I just realized that this is my favorite record ever, and that Powerdresser is the best band ever formed. Take my word for it, this record contains the secrets to the whole universe. This band is very, very wise and their message MUST be heard. Buy this now... (D.S.2)

(Negative Records, P.O. Box 90711, S.D. CA. 92169-2711)

Powerdresser, 10"

For the past two weeks Powerdresser has been the only thing that I have listened to. I am not sure if all you punk rockers out there will enjoy this release, but it always seems to put me in a good mood. It is completely different from anything that I have ever heard, but I would have to compare it to a calm, Heavy Vegetable type of sound. There are extremely innovative bass lines with soft yet soothing vocals. Reading the lyrics causes me think that the world would be a better place if everyone listened to Powerdresser. Maybe it would be. (D.S.2)

(Negative Records; P.O. Box 90711, D.S. CA. 92169-2711)

The Queens-Grow Up, LP

This was a surprise. Pretty cool, but not the best Queens I've heard by far. It's a weird mix of their Too Dumb To Quit stuff and their Love Songs for the Retarded stuff. The first side is really surfy too. Very unexpected! The second side is more slow, sorta melodic, mainly 3 chord, love song, punk rock. About half of these are really good, and the other half are just OK. (W.D.)

(Lookout Records; P.O. Box 11374; Berkeley, CA 94701)

Rake-Stupor, 7"

Not to be confused with the Rake from the east coast, Portland, Oregon's Rake crank out 3 hi-energy, low-fi hits on their debut 7". Yeah, the sound quality could be a bit better, but hell, this IS punk rock after all. Rake are influenced by such bands as Rocket From The Crypt, Samiam, and Jawbreaker, but still manage to retain an original feel. They have plans for a slew of new releases in the near future, so buy this now and prepare

yourself. (D.L.)

(It's on Hodge Podge/Incision records, but get it from the band: Rake, 12545 S.W. Fairfield St., Beaverton, OR 97005)

Rancid-Let's Go, LP

I must admit, when I first put this on...I was disappointed. I thought it lacked the power Rancid usually has. Then I listened to it again...and was entranced by how cool it was! The power is still there. The thing is the walking bass that is usually loud as fuck is quiet, making it seem very different from regular Rancid albums. But let me tell you, this is great, I was so impressed I listened to it four times the first day I had it. UNBELIEVABLE! (W.D.)

(Epitaph Records; 6201 Sunset Blvd. Suite 111; Hollywood, CA 90028)

Red Aunts-Bad Motherfukn 40 oz., LP

This is one of the best albums of the year. They combine a garage sound with a Bikini Kill, riot girl, sound. The vocals are some of the coolest screams I've ever heard, and the music is so garage-y and cool you wouldn't believe it. If you don't have this already you must get it now. This kicks your booty and mine. Highly Recommended. (W.D.)

(Sympathy For The Record Industry)

Rocket from the Crypt/Bloodthirsty Butchers, Double 7"

A co-outing, three songs each on two 7" records. They faked me out by having one band's record play at 33, the other at 45rpm. Bloodthirsty Butchers are from Japan; they're very noisy. Big guitar sound, melodic, typical punk chord progression. I thought this would be a throwaway but they're good! It's kind of hard to tell but I don't think they're singing in English, even though the song titles ("Water," "Alligator" and "Raven") are. Who really cares when you've got a nice buzzy rhythm guitar, screeching feedback and screaming vocals? Lovely. Rocket's entries actually out-noise their Japanese pals, very loud, very tight, very noisy and screechy. Their last song ("Pressure's On") has some nice vocal distortion and a fast-slow jerky beat with loud ramming guitar and a distorto finish. I hear some keyboard action throughout this recording, though, I'm not sure how I feel about that. All around a winner and my copy was cheap, too (\$2.99). However, there's no address on the record, only addresses for the bands. Ugly butterfly logo on the glossy cover, professional punk inside. (K.F.2)

(Bacteria Sour, made in France (?), manufactured and dist. by Southern)

Rodan-Rusty, LP

Rodan are about organic intensity. Their songs grow around you like iron, angry kudzu vines, encircling you and strangling you. Did I mention that they rock? From the hardcore epic "The Everyday World of Bodies" (and I mean epic in every way, shape and form), the beautiful, Slint-like guitars of "Bible Sliver Corner," and the Drive Like Jehu skronk-rock of "Shiner," this is one band that will drive your head into a board like a power screwdriver. They move from silence and beauty to cacophony like few other bands currently on the scene. There's an emotional undercurrent here, partially made up of the same fear and loathing that seems to effect many Louisville bands (maybe they're a loud, electrified Palace Bros.) but also something more pastoral, something more at peace with the world. But don't listen to me, I'm babbling. Buy this. You will not be sorry. (D.C.) (1/4 Stick Records, P.O. Box 25342, Chicago, IL 60625)

Screeching Weasel/ Born Against, split 7"

When I first heard about this split, I knew it was going to be good. Screeching Weasel does 2 songs penned by Born Against, and Born Against does two songs penned by Screeching Weasel. I waited months

for this record to finally come out, and it delivered. I laughed through the entire seven inch. It's really great! A must for fans of either band. (DS)
(Lookout Records P.O. Box 11374 Berkeley, CA 94701)

Sinkhole-Donkey 7"

This reminds me a lot of Bellingham, WA's Crayon, one of the more infectiously catchy bands I've ever run across. What this means for You the Listener is a guitar-heavy, pleasant-voiced, hook-loaded sound in a Green Day/Pansy Division kind of vein. It got my feet tapping; these songs really move. Fast and catchy and not too serious. Good stuff. (S.C.)
(Ringing Ear Records / 9 Maplecrest / Newmarket NH 03857)

Slapshot-Live At SO36, LP

I honestly didn't expect it. In fact, this disc really surprised me. Right from the start, pissed off old-school hardcore in your face with classics like, "Firewalker," "No Friend of Mine," only to be followed by, "Back on the Map," and "Step on It." The recording quality is excellent for a live job, and this proves to be a very comprehensive collection of all the Slapshot classics, put together for all of you true die-hard fans of this band. (B.V.)
(We Bite America; P.O. Box 10172, Chicago, IL 60610-0172)

Snapcase -Lookinglasself, LP

A very pretentious name for a so-so album. The recording quality is great, Snapcase obviously spent a long time in the studio. The songs, however, are only OK. Snapcase is best when they are playing noise. Snapcase is worst when they are playing metal. Unfortunately, they tend to do the latter more than the former. The singer, a new one if I understand correctly, is a little to caveman sounding for me. (DS)
(Victory Records PO Box 146546 Chicago, IL 60614)

Spanakorzo-7 song, LP

This band has come a long way. You might remember them as the band Candle who put out a couple of 7"s a while back. Well, they've changed their name, mellowed out a bit, and gotten themselves put out on a great CD. They remind me a lot of Sideshow and sometimes of Rites Of Spring - the sound definitely has that D.C. feel to it, with some really cool, haunting, female back-up vocals to boot. The packaging has a great handmade feel to it, too. All of this adds up to one excellent record. Don't miss it. (D.L.)
(Wretched Records P.O. Box 2096 Del Mar, CA 92014)

Spitboy -Mi Cuerpo Es Mio, 7"

Spitboy has always sent chills through my back whenever I listen to them. Their noisy guitar matched with Adrianne's gravely screaming has always made me happy. This seven inch is definitely no exception, but it definitely doesn't complete with their Lookout 7" a few years back. Especially strange is the song "Word Problem" which just sounds goofy. Still a good record, but not their best. (DS)
(Allied Recordings P.O. Box 460683 San Francisco, CA 94146)

The Spoiled Brats Vs. Buttafuoco, Split 7"

These are two great '77 sounding bands. The Spoiled Brats sound like the X-Ray Spex would if you sped them up, made them more aggressive, and took out the saxophone. In other words, it's really good. Buttafuoco, despite a horrible name, is great too. They are a bit more mellow and slow, but not much. Both bands are '77 out your ass and are fronted by females which is a plus in my '77 book. (W.D.)
(Blacklist Mailorder; 475 Valencia; San Francisco, CA 94103)

Strain, 5 song CD

Heavy as shit hardcore from Vancouver B.C. . The N.W. is experiencing a Hardcore explosion and these guys are right at the forefront. (Well, technically they're from Canada's Southwest, but we consider them part of our scene so they're N.W. in our eyes. Who asked your opinion anyway?) If your into bands like Undertow then you need to get this. (D.L.)
(Overkill P.O. Box 20224 Seattle, Wa 98102)

Strawman-Shoot me up with Faith, CD only EP

6 songs that are just unbelievable. They've grown so much from their first LP it's crazy. They've got Jawbreaker's drummer on this and they remind me a lot of Jawbreaker actually, just a bit more straightforward and not as improv. sounding. This is what I picture as working man's punk, music for the prole. GREAT! (W.D.)
(Allied Recordings; PO Box 460683; San Francisco, CA 94146)

Toadliquoer-s/t, LP

This is a pretty cool album. The best way that I can describe it is Unwound for grindcore fans. Its very slow and sludgy, but it has that distortion that kills you and when the singer decides to come in every few minutes it is as harsh vocals as you get. It's also kinda like the slow parts of Rice songs. It's just all very slow. It takes a while, but it's actually quite good. I wonder what people do when they play live. They must move in slow motion around the pit. It's really powerful, just really slow too. Overall a cool record though. (W.D.)
(\$6; Soledad; 120 State NE #236; Olympia, WA 98501)

Total Chaos-Pledge of Defiance, LP

Well, this is certainly a change of pace for Epitaph. This is great hardcore that reminds me a lot of Chaos UK. These guys are some of the best hardcore I've heard recently and that's probably because it was done REALLY well by Epitaph and produced by Thee Slayer Hippy of Poison Idea (R.I.P.). So, if you're a hardcore fan get this. If not, try it out and maybe you'll be won over. (W.D.)
(Epitaph Records; 6201 Sunset Blvd. Suite 111; Hollywood, CA 90028)

Universal Order of Armageddon, 12" EP

Armageddon, indeed. This is the new world order, alright, Gravity's latest release. 3 songs: the first, "Longer and Stronger" fully takes up the first side (10 min.) It starts out with a throbbing little melodic bass line, joined after a while with random snare drum tapping, then echoing whispers, random guitar wails, and outer space sound effects start to fade in and out. Finally spoken-word lyrics arrive, punctuated by the occasional slamming drum beat. The tension builds, the tempo speeds, and for one incredibly emotional moment, all hell breaks loose. Then it's back to the lonely bass line and the hushed vococoder voice for another soliloquy. . . and then a screaming, crashing finish. Whew, the descent into madness captured on record! The other side's two songs are a perfect tapestry of guitar work, authoritative drums, and urgent, desperate lyrics. Feedback and other noise break in to keep it alive and fresh. It's all very well-orchestrated and yet high tension and passion lurk right underneath, threatening to break everything apart at a moment's notice. This is really, really good. Please buy it. (K.F.2)
(Gravity, P.O. Box 81332, San Diego, CA 92138)

Unwound -New Plastic Ideas, 12"

Record of the year. Hands down. This is really one of the best 12" I have heard in a long time. There are no good tracks, only great ones!! I had heard

other Unwound stuff before, but most of it sounded like Gravity type stuff or Olympia sound. This is completely new. It's noisy but slow and lush with vocals and guitar harmonies. This really is probably one of the best records I have ever heard. How's that for high marks??!! (DS)
(Kill Rock Stars 120 NE State #418, Olympia, WA 98501)

Very Pleasant Neighbors-The Penny, 7"

Vpn is difficult to describe...they sure don't sound like they're from nyc...more like Boston...happy noise I guess..."bent metal" is the number one song in the world to jump on your bed to...there's a cover of the Beatles' "hey bulldog"...and two other songs (kind of)...it even comes with a yellow balloon...(K.F.)
(dark beloved cloud 5-16 47th rd. #3L long island city, ny 11101)

Wingtip Sloat-Return of the Night of the Ardent Straggler, 7"

Four songs...and quite a variety they are...I'm so terrible at classifying music (probably because I hate to)...wingtip sloat is all over the classifications...which usually ends up to be some type of noise...purposely not all together...melodic...noisy...70's theme song...brent's tv like singing...distorted...I give up...lots of neat inserts too...(K.F.)
(vhf box 7365 fairfax station, va 22039)

Wreck-EL Mundo de Los Ninos, LP

Wreck are one of those classic, harsh Chicago thumbscrews-to-the-effects-pedal bands (Rapeman, Tar, Jesus Lizard, et al) that somehow manage to mangle their instruments in new and creative ways while still coming up with entertaining, catchy riffs. Don't know how they do it, but some of them have been around for years, and must be, like, forty by now. Wreck have been around for years ("Soul Train" their overwhelming second album (from 1989), is worth combing a used record store to find) and they're still here. Their second full album (they've a couple of EPs to their name) is pretty damn good. Not as great as their best work (which is almost five(!) years behind them) but good enough that I didn't get bored, which is my usual reaction to most stuff these days. And they have a song called "The Lonely Death of Casey Kasem," which wins points with me any day. And "Well" is a good reminder of why I liked them in the first place. (D.C.)
(C/Z Records, Ltd. 1407 E. Madison #41, Seattle WA 98122)

V/A- A History of Compassion and Justice? 7"

This may be one of the best comps out recently that shows what "hardcore" is in 1994. I don't mean metal-tinged-straightedge, or emocore, but hardcore. Funny thing is, it doesn't sound that different from how it did in 1983! Go figure. Anyway, there really isn't a bad song on this seven inch (although I wouldn't necessarily say that they're all great). Oh yeah, it has LOS CRUDOS, OTTAWA, JOHN HENRY WEST, DEAD & GONE, MANUMISSION, UNIVERSAL ORDER OF ARMAGEDDON, and NAKED AGRESSION on it.
(Lengua Armada 2340 W. 24th st. Chicago, IL 60608)

V/A-Close your Eyes and See Death, 7"

This is a VERY cool grindcore compilation featuring Lucifer's Mob, Capitali\$t Casualties, and Wounded Knee. My personal favorite is Capitali\$t Casualties, but they're one of my 2 favorite bands so it's expected. Lucifer's Mob is really screechy screaming grindcore with cool drum beats. They remind me of Crossed Out except a little bit higher<?>. Capitali\$t Casualties are their normal selves with the fastest blasts of grindcore I've heard. Wounded Knee is the only band I've ever heard from Luxembourg, and they are kind of metally in some parts, but have some good fast traditional grindcore included. Overall, this is an EXCELLENT

7" and I would recommend this to all grindcore fans. (J.E.)
(Re-Education Records; P.O. Box 101627; Dusseldorf, Germany 40007)

V/A-Punk USA, LP

Fuck yeah! Ben Weasel has done it! This is one of the best things my tired ears have heard in a long time... Many excellent cuts here, and it all flows together so nicely... Highlights include songs by: Beatnik Termites, Moral Crux, Screeching Weasel, The Vindictives, The Queers, Face to Face, Jawbreaker, and 8Bark. Unfortunately one of the best fucking songs isn't even listed anywhere on the record! It's the song right before the Jawbreaker song and I can't get it out of my head! Who is it?! It's incredible! Anyhow, don't take my word for it, check it out yourself...(B.V.)
(Lookout!; P.O. Box 11374, Berkeley, CA 94712 USA)

V/A-Rugcore + Stary, 7"

This compilation is one of my all time favorites because each of the bands has their own personality, and each are interesting to listen to. The record includes the Crooks, The Lames, Maya The Bee, The Giving Tree, Power Dresser, and the Formerly Schlong. Power Dresser is a great band if you enjoy really melodic soft songs. The Crooks and The Lames are just great bands, and the other stuff is pretty strange yet entertaining. This is definitely a good thing to own.(D.S.2)
(Rugcore Records; P.O. Box 33543; S.D., CA 92163-3543)

V/A-Shreds, Volume 1, LP

If you want a copy of some of the best pop-punk that came out last year this is what you need. It's got the Parasites, NOFX, J Church, and Fracture among many other fine bands. This is a great thing to listen to to just chill and relax and hum along and just have an awesome comp. I expected this to be sorta boring, but it's really good and highly recommended for the pop-punk in all of us. (W.D.)
(Shredder Records; 75 Plum Tree Lane #3; San Rafael, CA 94901)

V/A-Suburban Voice #35, 7"

Three bands, two covers, one original. Shades Apart pull off an excellent version (better than the original even) of "Tainted Love" sounding like Bad Religion vocals mixed with Agent Orange music. Bombshell pull off an original, emo-sounding piece called "Nova" and Doc Hopper do a cover of "Pink Houses" which sounds a little too much like the original... It's all included with Suburban Voice #35.(B.V.)
(Suburban Voice; P.O. Box 2746, Lynn, MA 01903-2746)

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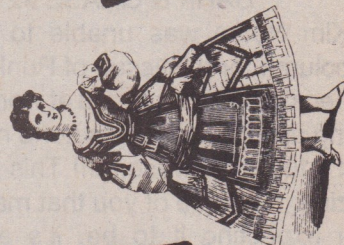
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Here we go again! This month's reviews are by Matt Berland (M.B.), Julia Cole (J.C.), Will Dandy (W.D.), Kristen Francis (K.F.), Dave Larson (D.L.), Dan Sinker (D.S.), and Jim Testa—still getting WAY too many zines—(J.T.), Karen Fisher (K.F.2) don't forget to send us yer zines!

10 THINGS JESUS WANTS YOU TO KNOW #7

This issue includes loads of interviews with Jesus Lizard, Catfood, The Kent 3, and other Seattle area bands. It also has the usual, reviews, rants, scene reports—including one from Boise. The attitude that informs this 'zine is classically punk—emphasis on anger and honesty. I wish I knew the story behind the name. (J.C.)

(1407 NE 45th St. #17, Seattle, WA 98105 \$1.50)

BARK & GRASS #2

Kim Nolan was unable to write a column for this issue of Punk Planet because she was hard at work finishing up B&G. Well, it's done now and it's fucking awesome!! This is not a zine, for those of you that may order it expecting it to be, it's a vegan cookbook. It's filled with all sorts of yummy recipes as well as some interesting animal rights info and some other stuff. This is well worth picking up, especially for that recipe for toast!! (DS)

(PO box 477469 Chicago, IL 60647)

BEN IS DEAD #23

Spring 1994; the new BID is finally here and no WONDER it took them so long. It's huge! It's "The Sassy Issue," complete with a smiling Chelsea Clinton on the cover. Jam packed with all kinds of Sassy-parodied articles and features. I guess you won't know how funny this really is unless you read Sassy. Interviews with Pleasant Gehman, the Zappa Bros., Shudder to Think, That Dog and many, many more. Articles on Chelsea, electronic zines (wow!) and a San Diego scene report. Ooh! a story by Casey Niccoli (Perry Farrell's ex). How gossipy of me to notice.

Besides all these goodies there are tons of ads, too. Oh well. Someone's gotta pay the huge printing bill. (K.F.2) (\$4 for sample copy; \$20 6-issue subscription; P.O. Box 3166, Hollywood, CA 90028)

BRUCE ON A STICK #4

One of my favorite new zines, ostensibly dedicated to the career of Bruce (Evil Dead, Brisco County Jr.) Campbell, with lots of nutty movie-star worship directed towards other stars too. This issue is mostly Bruce stuff but there's a page dedicated to James Dean and an appreciation of Ted (Seaquest DSV) Raimi. Way cool. (J.T.)

(Box 416, Tarrytown NY 10591 \$3)

BUDGET #3

This issue is a bit dated but it's worth picking up for the many good hardcore photos as well as good interviews with Chino Horde, Hoover, and Jawbreaker. (J.T.)

(% Chrissy, 2707 Valmont #211A, Boulder CO 80302 \$1)

DIAGNOSIS #8

This reminds me of an alternative-rock version of No Answers, with big bold layouts and good interviews & photos. This issue has Cold Crank, Buffalo Tom, Heatmiser, Rocket From The Crypt, and 7 Year Bitch; show, record, and zine reviews; and lots of good photos. Well worth checking out. (J.T.) (PO Box 101896, Denver CO 80250 \$2)

ERROR #100

Billed as "The Official Newspaper of Vermiform Records" Error definitely delivers. Although not as interesting as Dear Jesus (Error is much shorter),

it is still very good. A way interesting interview with Slim from Kill Rock Stars about all sorts of things, 2 book reviews, and an article about the performance artist Chris Burden (a good article, but Sam may want to research performance art a little more). Error is short, but sweet. (DS) (PO Box 12065 Richmond, VA 23241)

EVIL EYE #9

Larry always has something worth reading in his zine. Issue 9 has an excellent piece on Kurt Cobain's suicide, some history of psychedelic rock, and a page of record reviews. (J.T.)

(% Larry Grogan, 3 Tulip Ct, Jackson NJ 08527 SASE)

EXPLOITATION RETROSPECT #39

This half size zine boasts cool layouts and well written articles - this one has an interview with Redd Kross' Jeff McDonald, something on Meatloaf's comeback (including a great recipe for, yup, meat loaf,) and reviews of zines, movies, and records. Neat-o. (J.T.)

(Box 1155, Haddonfield NJ 08033 \$1.75)

FEMME FLICKE #1

Actually, #2 is already out but I don't have it yet. Really good analysis and essays on women in film and the media in general. Sadie Benning, other girl-heroes listed. Books and articles are suggested for further study. Thoughtful, intelligent and interesting. Issue #2 promises to include bits on Orlando (a gender bending film) and River Phoenix. (K.F.2)

(\$1.50 or \$1 + 2 stamps to Tina, 23

Long Ave., #1, Allston, MA 02134)

FIZ #11

Put out by two L.A. women, this is a Ben-Is-Dead-type, very thick, professional mag. Interviews with Unsane, Beck, the Hernandez Bros. (Love & Rockets comix), and the Ramones (this last one done by a ten-year-old girl — great!), as well as many other interviews and stories. Comics, zine and video reviews, and as for records, they just list all new releases since the last issue. Who has time to review them all? The layout is incredibly good, and you gotta get this just for the last-page rant by Brandon Cruz (kid actor in "Courtship of Eddie's Father," heads his own band, "Harmful if Swallowed"). Eddie, oops, I mean Brandon writes about his initiation into the L.A. punk scene and subsequent following of same. We must've been contemporaries. Remember that saying, "Black Flag kills Ants [Adam] on contact!"? Brings back memories. (K.F.2) (\$2.50, P. O. Box 67E10, Los Angeles, CA 90067)

FREE FOR ALL #9/10

The title says it all, this is a free for all of whatever comes out of the editor's colorful mind - stories, poems, fantasies, in all very small type and slapped together with abandon. Fun to leaf through but a pain to read cover to cover. (J.T.) (PO Box 463, Wilmington NC 28402 \$1)

GERM OF YOUTH #6

A really cool, personal zine, with an interview with clikitat ikatowi. It's done by Justin of Unwound. It's really sorta short, but I really like it. (MB) (Stamps/12 ppgs./Half-sized) (1321 88th SE; Olympia, WA 98501)

GOGGLEBOX #2/3

I'm not sure about the address during the summer since it's a college p.o. box. This zine has contributions by girls and boys. The two issues I saw had a little bit of everything from grade school reminiscences to fun tour diaries to a love letter to Fugazi, all very personal and intense which makes me think of it as a grrl zine. (J.T.) (PO Box 250402, NYC 10025 \$1+stamps)

GRAVEDIGGER #3

This is a Straight Edge/Punk 'zine that is put out by Bill Baker - the guy behind Incision/Hodge Podge Records (put out the Rake 7" & the Ringworm LP), Love Act 'zine, and the singer for Jayhawker. GD is chock full of Bill's intelligent, witty writing - dealing mostly with trying to rise above the petty bullshit so often associated with S.E. and getting to work on the real problems in the world. A couple of others add some pretty heartfelt pieces making this 'zine a great read. Oh yeah, the layout is top notch and there's even some humor. Get one. (D.L.) (925 32nd St. Bellingham, WA 98225 or E-mail to BILLUVACT@AOL.COM)

GREEDY BASTARD #10

Greedy Bastard is by Bill Florio, one of the coolest guys in the NY punk scene and a member of the funnypunk band Bugout Society (whose members usually contribute to the zine.) Bill enjoys taking pokes at punk's sacred cows and this issue has a hilarious interview with Earth Crisis which explains why they're breaking up ("Zippy: Well, I got my GED and got accepted to SUNY, I'm going to major in dance. Byron and Seth want to spend more time with their girlfriends and Bif isn't into it anymore." I guess you have to know a little about Earth Crisis to get how funny that is, but you get the idea... the rest of the zine is more of the same zany shit. (J.T.)

(PO Box 1014, Yonkers NY 10704 \$2)

GRIND #5

This zine has a little bit of everything - killer cartoons, a good letters page, great local coverage of the Arizona scene, national bands (this issue has Velocity Girl and Zipgun,) lots of photos, and an original cover by Jeff Gaither. Definitely recommended. (J.T.) (Box 2830 Mesa AZ 85214 \$2)

HARDWARE-Spring 1994

Hardware is a 'zine mostly about hardcore, but the editors tend to focus more on the punk side of it. The result is a good one, displaying a perspective that many hardcore 'zines lack. This issue features tons of record and show reviews, and interviews with Deadguy, Chain To Thread, Holedshot, Bleed, And Three Sung Scroll. Also included is a very good, rather confrontational interview with Spitboy. This is one of the best H.C. 'zines around at the moment. (D.L.) (25 W. Price St. apt. 3E Linden, NJ 07036-4211)

HEARTATTACK #1

HeartattaCk (the H&C are capitalized to symbolize H/C -hardcore) is another MRR competitor. This, their first issue, is a great effort, but falls a bit short. For everything that it has going for it (Ebulation, a host of 'legendary' punk writers, connections from all over) it lacks a personality of its own. It only has two features, a fairly boring interview with Garden Variety and an article about the Beehive Collective, and then it has the basic column/reviews that both MRR & PP have. I think that given time HeartattaCk will come into its own and shine in its very own way, but at this point, it is still sitting in the shadows of MRR. (DS)

(PO Box 848 Goleta, CA 93116)

I, YEAST ROLL #78

In case you were wondering whatever happened to Sam McPheeters, Born Against broke up, he and Adam moved to Virginia, and he put out this fanzine, more or less picking up from his Dear Jesus zine. Most of this first issue is dedicated to a pungent and witty tour diary of Born Against's last days and an interview with Ben Hamper. (J.T.)

(Verniform, Box 12065, Richmond VA 23241 \$1)

I AM NOTHING #1

One of the most striking-looking zines I've seen in a while. The editor is straightedge but the text is limited to poems and song lyrics set against artwork and photos, so there isn't a lot of editorializing or those stupid sXe interviews that all read the same. (J.T.)

(4462 Freeman Rd, Marietta GA 30062 \$2)

IN TOUCH #2/3

Not to be confused with the gay porn zine of the same name, In Touch is a newsletter dedicated to spreading the word about unsigned band demos, zines, and other facets of DIY culture. Also includes contact addresses of clubs, radio stations, studios, etc. A good deal for bands and scenesters who need to network. (J.T.)

(27 E Central Ave #R5, Paoli PA 19301 SASE)

JERSEY BEAT #51

If you're in this business long enough (and this is what? My third month?) you get sick of that angry, young punk attitude real fast. Jersey Beat's a welcome relief from all that. It still has a point of view and a sense a humor—it just doesn't make you wade

through all that ego to get to the good stuff. Does the phrase journalistic integrity mean anything? Anyway this impressively thick issue asks the musical question, "Whither punk?" includes local (New Jersey) scene reports and a Jawbox interview. (J.C.) (418 Gregory Ave., Weehawken, NJ 07087 \$2)

KICKBALL ACTION NEWS #6

This little gem goes further than just a theme issue — the whole thing (and I assume, every issue) is about kickball. Kickball questions are posed to Drew Barrymore and Juliana Hatfield and there's a whole kickball interview with Jawbox (typical question: "It is possible to walk a runner in our game of kickball, yet you have a song called 'Whitney Walks.' Explain."). These are rounded out with a sonnet to kickball, music and product reviews (kickballs, duh). Totally serious and totally funny. My only complaint is that it's too short but I guess that can be fixed by ordering more copies. I'm not sure who or why it was sent to me, I don't think I ordered it! No price, send SASE for copies. (K.F.2)

(KAN, 2345 Echo Park Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90026; editrix: Courtney Holt, Cholt@ecn.com)

MANTRA #1

There are zines about just about anything - this one is dedicated to "the ever expanding modern ambient scene." The editors embrace ambient music as a means toward spirituality although they also review albums by techno artists like Moby and Meat Beat Manifesto who consider ambient sounds a means toward getting fucked up on the dancefloor. Different strokes... (J.T.)

(PO Box 74, Carte Madera CA 94976 \$2)

MAYBE (she said) #3

Sometimes it's hard to find the right words to describe a zine. I like this a lot. It's got puzzles and games and

stories, and she loves sno-cones. So get it. It's cool, it's punk, it's for you. It just makes me happy. (MB) (\$1/32 ppgs./Half-sized) (Lisa Camisa; 42834 Ravensbourne Park Street; Fremont, CA 94538-3948)

NARCISSUS #2

A riot grrl and a Mac are a dangerous combination, as this zine proves. It's almost like reading your kid sister's diary - lots of private musings, gushing about this or that, notes scribbled in the margins, lots of inside jokes about people you don't know, stuff about things at school that piss you off... I feel like a visitor to another planet when I'm reading this. A couple of photos or pictures wouldn't hurt, though. (J.T.)

(Molli, 818 E 6th St, Weiser ID 83672 \$1)

NEGATIVE INK #1

Not as negative as the name implies, this kind of rambles - there's something about car insurance being a ripoff, an interview with Staten Island's Eve's Plum, some good comics by the editors and an interview with cartoonist Evan Dorkin (who's obviously a big influence.) (J.T.)

(309 Van Name Ave, Staten Island NY 10303 \$1)

NIPPLE HARDNESS FACTOR #2

Lots of 7 inch reviews, all given lots of space in imaginative layouts. Not quite as dense as it should be given how many 7 inches are out there these days, but a fun read if you're into checking out singles and fun to look at. (J.T.)

(PO Box 461778, Los Angeles CA 90046 \$2)

OBSERVATORY #1

This is put out by a young woman named Megan and she really im-

pressed the hell out of me with it. It is her first 'zine attempt and it looks better than some 'zines that have been around for years. This issue has articles on Pro-choice vs. Pro-life, Aids testing, and a disturbing, very personal article about a rape. I hope to see more of this 'zine in the future. (D.L.)

(c/o Megan 178 E. Kellogg Rd. #B-12 Bellingham, WA 98226)

OOOMPA! OOOMPA#3

I got this last night at a show and read it on the way back. It's awesome. Personal writings about feminism and stuff (not confrontational...just pleasantly worked in). There's a funny comic too and just general funny zine stuff....it's ultra cool! It also has stuff on natural women's health care (must admit I didn't read that...) and vegans, and straight edge people, and straight people. One of the few zines I like...(W.D.)

(\$1; Megan; 23 Long Ave. Apt. 1; Allston, MA 02134)

PEPITO'S FOLDERS #1

I'm biased. I'm a charter member of Pepito's online cadre—even though he doesn't mention me, drat him! Anyway, this tiny periodical shows all the sPunk, originality, and playfulness of its creator. The heart of this issue is an interview with the ever-fascinating and apparently ubiquitous Larry Livermore. (J.C.)

(c/o Brandon Yu, 818 St. Stephen's Green, Oak Brook, IL 60521 296)

POP WATCH #5

One of those new-fangled zines with the Raygun-type layouts that make you go blind trying to follow the text. But it's well written and beautifully produced (which is why it costs \$4) with an intriguing selection of interviews - Guided By Voices, Bailter Space, Nightblooms, Gas Huffer - plus album and single reviews. (J.T.)

(PO Box 4402156, Somerville MA 02144 \$4)

SCHALLPLATTEN #2

Wow. Really great story, a Marxist thing (I don't agree, but...), and descriptions of the scene up in Oregon. Cool pix, too. The highlight of this zine is the great story of Jawbreaker=Mafioso. It's not an interview, but a theory that Jawbreaker are mafia hit men. You'll have to read the zine to understand. Be nice and send them stamps, even though it's free. (MB)

(FREE/24 ppgs./Half-sized) (12545 SW Fairfield; Beaverton, OR 97005)

SLURP #9

A big newspaper style zine dedicated to the rave scene. There are scene reports from across the country, an interview with some deejays, and lots of record reviews. If you're into the funky techno danse rave thing, this is the place to check it out. (J.T.)

(PO Box 125, Flourtown PA 19031 \$1)

SOUNDVIEWS #29

I think this zine does exactly what it sets out to do. It covers bands/people/zines/etc. within the New York scene, and does bios on them. Also inside are reviews and ads. In this issue are such items as Orange 9mm, Joe Christ, and Iron Prostate. I learned a lot about the scene up there and found it interesting. (MB)

(\$1.50 ppd./32 ppgs./Full-sized) (96 Henry Street; Suite 5W; Brooklyn, NY 11201-1713)

SPOT #2

A messy, fun, kitchen sink minizine. There's a page on Tilt, a cartoon about how to date rock star, a Supersuckers review, a letter from Danny of Screeching Weasel, tips on kissing, a pancake recipe...you get the idea. Fun! (J.T.)

(195 Killarney Dr, Berkeley Hts NJ 07922 SASE)

STAIN #5

These guys are into everything, a lot of it on the kinky side... There's an interview with Chris Thompson, toy reviews, comix, a piece on the Genitorturers, God And Texas, Therapy?, record reviews, some good photos, and live show reviews. Well done and it comes with a bonux flexi-disc featuring Temple Of Bon Matin and Ghenghis Khan Experience. (J.T.)

(702 N 5th St #1F, Philadelphia PA 19123 \$3)

SUBURBAN VOICE #35

One of the classic American punkzines and still going strong, this issue has interviews with All, Alcohol Funnycar, the Buzzcocks, Doughboys, and lots more, the usual slew of record reviews and photos, and a terrific 7 inch featuring Shades Apart, Bombshell, and Doc Hopper. (J.T.)

(Box 2746, Lynn MA 01903 \$3.50)

SURPRISE ATTACK #1

ThiXs zXine is sXo straightedge, they pXut an eXxtra X into almost every wXord in the thXing. Computer scanned photos of healthy young vegan boys wielding guitars, lots of ads for sXe bands, and lots of sXe attXituXde. (J.T.)

(PO Box 90008, Harrisburg PA 17109 \$2)

TAILSPINS Vol.3, No. 15

A well done and diverse zine concentrating on alternative indie music, with Throneberry, Monomen, Babe The Blue Ox, columns, reviews, and a good Chicago scene report. (J.T.)

(PO Box 5467, Evanston IL 60204 \$2)

THICKER #1

Four bucks includes a bonus 7inch

featuring unreleased tunes by Ken (Moving Targets) Chambers, an in-depth interview with Brad and Steve (as in Albini) of Shellac, talks with Superchunk, Kenny Chambers, Kustomized, comix, reviews, and some good photos. Well written with some nice layouts, especially for a first issue. (J.T.)
(PO Box 881983, San Francisco CA 94188 \$4)

TONGUE BATH #3

These guys don't write about music, they attack it with a lot of enthusiasm and attitude, which makes the interviews and reviews jump off the page. Cool layouts too. (J.T.)
(PO Box 23275, Baltimore MD 21203 \$1.50+3 stamps)

TRUSTKILL #2

Another straightedge zine with the usual slew of beefcake show photos, but at least this one has a sense of humor (the Hardcore High School Proficiency Exam is a riot) and the interviews ask more than the usual "are you guys vegan?" type questions. Josh also goes right to the source and interviews the god Krsna for the lowdown on Krishna hardcore. This is straight edge with a soul and definitely worth checking out. (J.T.)
(%Josh Grabelle, 23 Farm Edge Lane, Tinton Falls NJ 07724 \$2)

UNDER CONSTRUCTION

#2
A basic xeroxed punkzine. Interviews with Brutally Familiar and Canada's Blood Sausage, reviews, and a Star Wars collectibles column. (J.T.)
(Lucinda, 202 Drum Hill Rd, Wilton CT 06897 \$1)

UNDERDOG ZINE #8

From the nice folks at Underdog Records, this collects Chicago punk scene news (there's a long piece

about the famous "Dummy Room Incident" which involved Screeching Weasel and mace, among other things,) including short pieces on cool bands, stores, and punk politics in the Windy City scene. Definitely worth a look, plus there's an Underdog catalog in the back with lots of cool stuff to buy. (J.T.)
(PO Box 14182, Chicago IL 60614 \$1)

UPRISE #8

A totally cool zine by a guy who detests school. It's to the point and funny. He has a buncha cool lists that rival even Letterman's. Umm... I can't think of anything more to say. It's rad, ok? Buy it. (MB)
(\$1/24 pgs./5.5 x 8.5) (PO Box 1420; Sykesville, MD 20784)

VISIBILITY ZERO #1

A zine dedicated to the "unknown visual art world," which amounts to pages of striking original artwork by people who also contribute to other zines. Steve Annunziata's political caricatures are amazing and editor Joel Menter's art is very good as well. A great place to check out up and coming zine art. (J.T.)
(449 W Ferry #2, Buffalo NY 14213 \$1)

WALKING #1

straight to the point...this zine is so neat-O...my boyfriend got it for me at a show because it looked like something i would like...and i sure did!...it's a tiny zine about people appreciation...the pictures were taken with a polaroid around new york city...and they're all of the good photocopying type (good blacks and whites)...you should buy this! (K.F.)
(jtw 246 e.10th st. #2 ny,ny 10009)

WHAT ME WORRY? #5

A perzine recounting the editor's adventures with different bands (Bouncing Souls, Turmoil,) comix, a

Parasites interview, phone scams, and lots of reviews. Plus a cool color cover. (J.T.)

(% James Turri, 1013 Ridge St, Freeland PA 18224 \$1)

YAK'UZ'A #5

I bought this solely on the cover's promise of an interview with Lisa Carver (Rollerderby). It's a good, long one. There's also a good interview with Geoff who does/did No Duh fanzine. This is an old issue (Nov. 93?) or maybe it just made it's way out west. Who knows how long it was sitting on the shelf at Tower? Lots and lots of music stuff, tons of lengthy and earnest reviews, live reviews, etc. I like the layout. I'm too tired to recite more niceties. (K.F.2)
(\$2.50 to P.O. Box 26039, Wilmington, DE 19899-6039)

YOU COULD DO WORSE

#1
Formerly File 13, this is a nice looking alternazine with a pop twist (Loud Family, Buffalo Tom, Yo La Tengo, Tommy Keene, and the Grifters are interviewed,) plus lots of reviews and a piece asking if the Tonya Harding/Nancy Kerrigan brouhaha might not have been a government conspiracy. (J.T.)
(PO Box 74647, Cedar Rapids IA 52407 \$3)

ZERO HOUR #1

Another straight edge zine, so you know there'll be lots of photos, an interview with the ubiquitous Snapcase, think pieces on veganism and animal abuse, and a page of talk show reviews. (J.T.)
(% James Suh, 210 Lake St #3C, Ithaca NY 14850 \$2)

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